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Mayleen

13th AUGUST 1977

WOMAN'S WEEKLY

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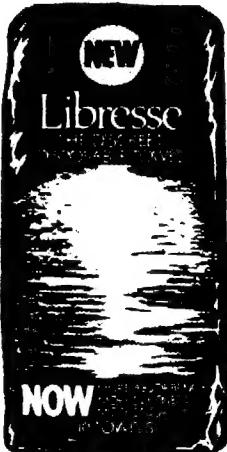


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WWI



AQUARIUS

21st January to 19th February

Guard against a tendency to let things slide in the early part of the week, and try to organise your programme carefully. Friends and relatives are likely to take up a lot of your time just now.

LEO

24th July to 23rd August

An uncertainty about the future appears to be worrying you. Unless you stick to routine, there could be discord within your immediate circle. Bide your time and let events take their own course.

PISCES

20th February to 20th March

Indications point to some kind of interference with your personal life. Try not to allow sentiment to cloud your judgment when it comes to making decisions at the present time.

VIRGO

24th August to 23rd September

Someone whom you are apt to confide in may betray your trust. This should be rather a busy week socially, but you may not be in the mood to really enjoy all that is offered.

ARIES

21st March to 20th April

Some kind of re-organisation is likely, either at home or at work. Your immediate reaction may not be in favour of this taking place, but you will probably benefit in many ways as a result.

LIBRA

24th September to 23rd October

There may be some strain early on in the week. You will need to make the first move if you wish to avoid hurting other people's feelings. The weekend should prove more relaxing, though.

TAURUS

21st April to 21st May

There seems to be less frustration around you this week, so you should be able to cope admirably with everything. The weekend should be quite eventful, bringing with it a welcome surprise.

SCORPIO

24th October to 22nd November

It may be pointless arranging anything at this stage, as nothing seems to work out as originally intended. Taking someone into your confidence should help to ease tensions.

GEMINI

22nd May to 22nd June

Try to suppress the urge to act impulsively. Although a change of scenery would prove beneficial, it won't avoid certain pressures, which you may find mounting as the week progresses.

SAGITTARIUS

23rd November to 22nd December

It is important that you do not overlook anything now. Routine jobs need to be given priority, as a neglectful attitude could mean plenty of extra work for you and your associates.

CANCER

23rd June to 23rd July

Personal worries might make you feel 'under the weather'. Try to arrange an evening out, even if it does involve making elaborate arrangements beforehand; it will be worth the effort.

CAPRICORN

23rd December to 20th January

All-round changes are indicated, and holidays should be most enjoyable. Anxieties which have caused you some concern in the past, should ease considerably—take time off to relax.

BY MADAME FRANCESCA

Simple or Fancy.
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You want it to simply pour over peaches? You can have it to pour over peaches. Simply stir in a little fresh milk until you get the thickness you want.

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Works for all colour hair



Grey hairs?

Before you use an ordinary hair colourant, you're right to ask questions

Q. "I don't want to go grey, but ordinary hair colourants are so messy, and I wouldn't like to commit myself to constant tinting or dyeing. Isn't there an easy, non-messy way?"

A. "Now there is a really easy, non-messy way to get rid of grey. Lady Grecian 2000. Lady Grecian 2000 is not a tint, rinse or dye. It is a practically clear liquid that is as easy to use as setting lotion. Brush it through your hair each day and over two to three weeks the healthy, natural-looking colour returns."

Q. "How does Lady Grecian Work?"

A. "Lady Grecian develops the colour on your hair (rather like a colour photograph develops) until you get just the right colour for you, (blonde, redhead or brunette). When you get the colour you want, use Lady Grecian once a week or so to keep it that way and you've no more 'roots' problems."

Q. "With most hair colourants, the colour changes immediately from grey to a flat, 'all over' colour which is not always the colour you want! This can be very embarrassing. Does Lady Grecian avoid this?"

A. "With Lady Grecian, there's no sudden embarrassing change of colour. You control how much grey you lose, some of it or all of it. If you are already using a hair colourant there's no problem. The same applies if your hair is permed. Lady Grecian will still work its gentle magic and never harm your hair."

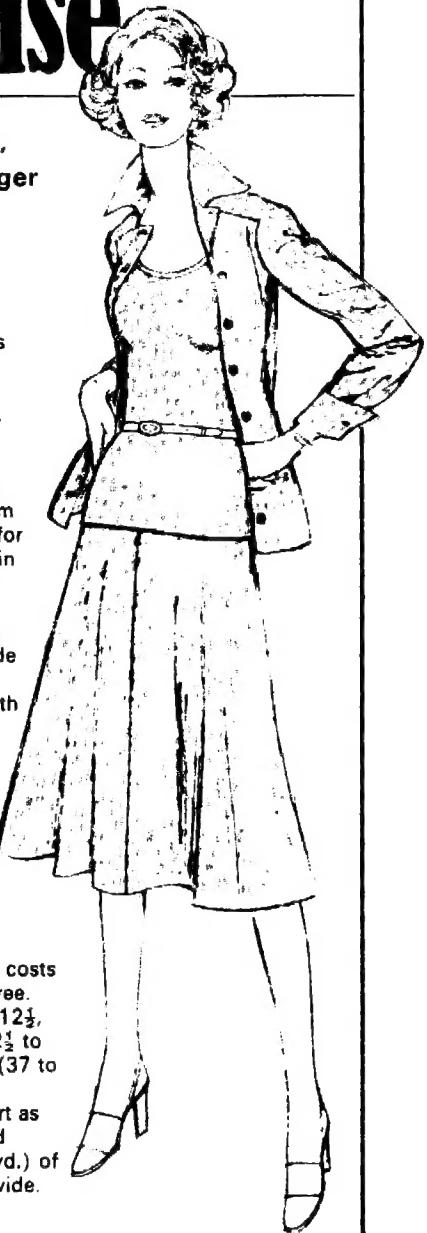
If you would like to know more about Lady Grecian 2000, write to Claire Taylor, Combe International, A.M.P. House, Dingwall Road, Croydon, Surrey, or pick up a pack at your favourite chemist.

Lady Grecian 2000
A better way to get rid of grey

SizeWise

A pattern this week,
chosen with our larger
readers in mind by
Caroline Hunt

VERY EASY, very chic, this casual yet elegant outfit is a welcome departure from the more usual styles, available in larger sizes. Designed by Diane Von Furstenberg, the pattern is made up to hip size 122 cm (48 in.), and is especially for stretchable knitted fabrics in cotton, synthetics or lightweight wool. Semi-fitted jacket is collared and front buttoning, and can be made with short or full-length, cuffed sleeves and worn with or without the self tie belt. Useful little pullover top is hip length, has cutaway armholes and scooped neckline back and front—looks good worn loose, or with a purchased belt. Skirt is flared, darted into an inside waistband and has a back zip fastening. **Vogue pattern no. 1680** costs £2, postage and packing free. It is available in half-sizes 12½, 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½ and 22½ to fit hip sizes 94 to 122 cm (37 to 48 in.). To make the long-sleeved jacket, top and skirt as illustrated, you would need 3·60 to 4·30 m (3½ to 4½ yd.) of material 150 cm (60 in.) wide.



How to order your pattern. Fill in the coupon here in capital letters, then cut it out and send it with a cheque or postal order for the appropriate amount and made payable to IPC Magazines Ltd., and crossed " & Co." to WOMAN'S WEEKLY, Pattern Department (294) Rochester X, Kent ME99 1AA.

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WOMAN'S WEEKLY

KING'S REACH TOWER,
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Above: The seals are a great attraction to holidaymakers. Right: The largest seal, Flipper, is a permanent resident.

OUT OF TOWN

Madge Green visits a beautiful sanctuary where a man and his wife have given up everything to care for their orphans of the sea

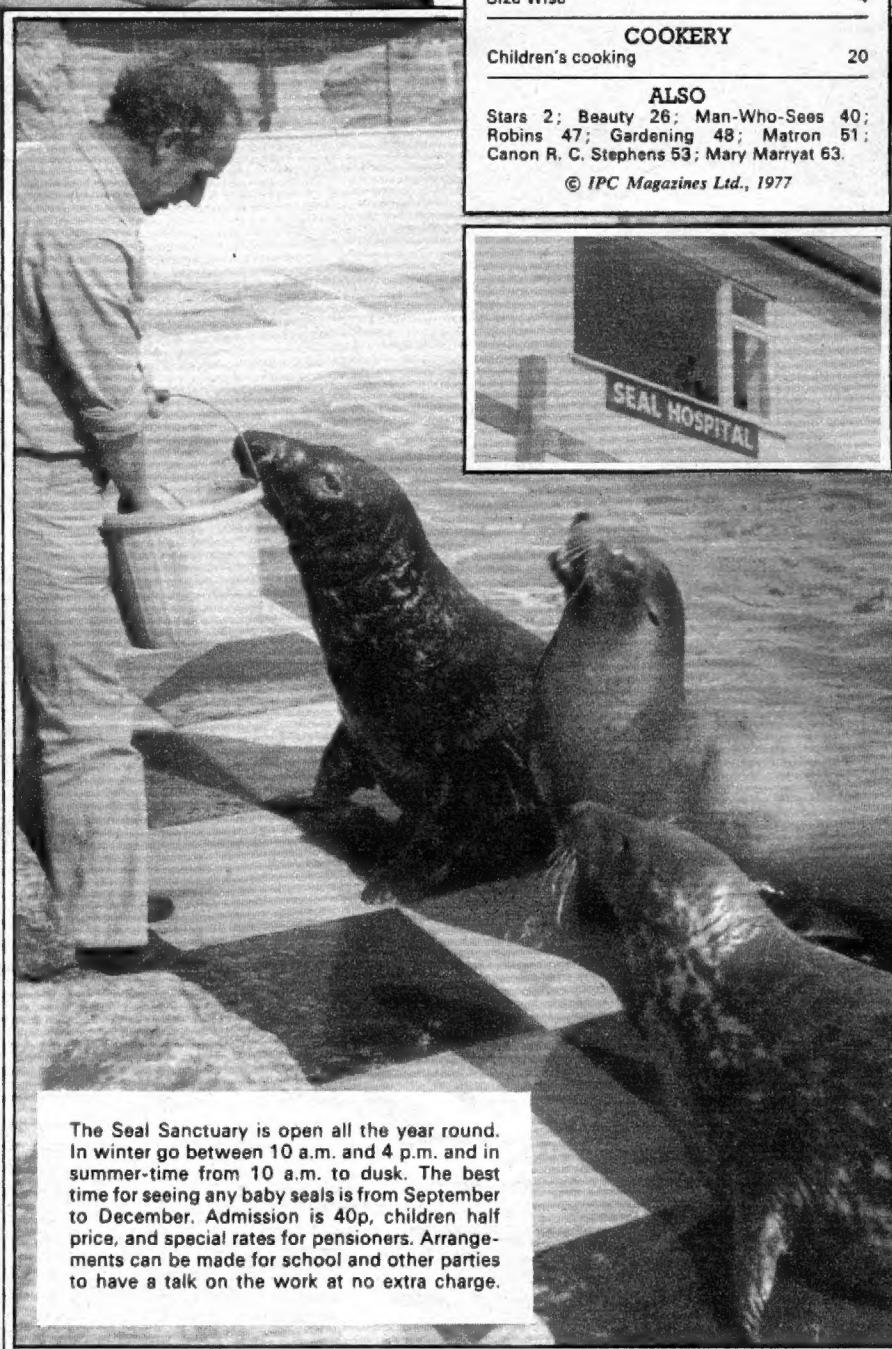
KEN AND Mary Jones once lived in the Rhondda Valley, where Ken worked as a miner. For the past 18 years, however, the couple have given up their days, often their nights, and all their money, to carrying out rescues, then caring for the rescued—baby seals, some only a few hours old.

About twenty of these pitiful mites, with their large, beautiful eyes and plaintive cries, are washed up on the treacherous coast each year. The pups lose their mothers during the early spring tides and in winter, when the seas often run high and storms sweep the new babies out to sea, then batter them back on to the rocks.

Injured and lost, they are found by fishermen, holidaymakers and local people. They ring up the Joneses, who nowadays have an idyllic seal sanctuary—the first one in Cornwall—in a perfect spot at the top of the sparkling Helford River. And out go Ken and Mary to fetch the orphans in.

The river was once famous for its oysters and as the setting for Daphne Du Maurier's 'Frenchman's Creek'. Now thousands of visitors come to the seal sanctuary at Gweek every year; their admission fees helping to pay off the couple's worrying many-thousand-pounds debt, to which this superb place has put them.

"There's nothing else for it but to continue the work," says Ken stoutly. "Some-



The Seal Sanctuary is open all the year round. In winter go between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. and in summer-time from 10 a.m. to dusk. The best time for seeing any baby seals is from September to December. Admission is 40p, children half price, and special rates for pensioners. Arrangements can be made for school and other parties to have a talk on the work at no extra charge.

one has to look after these babies, make them well again and then return them to the sea. After all, there are only an estimated two to three hundred Atlantic seals left around Cornish coasts."

Infants in need of help are accepted from anywhere, but the first pup they had turned up at Trevaunance Cove, a few miles from St. Agnes. Ken had been ill and the Coal Board were closing down many mines, so the family had decided to invest their savings in a beach café at the cove.

On to the sands one day came what Ken Jones describes in his book 'Orphans of the Sea' (Fontana, 60p, shortly to be reprinted) as 'a creamy white, furry bundle, 3 ft. long and only a day or two old, with big, pleading eyes.'

The baby seal sat on the sand attracting holidaymakers and dogs. It was obviously lost and beginning to be frightened. Ken



and Mary went down and tried to persuade it to return to the sea, but it kept coming back. So, finally, they took it out in their boat. After trying to climb back in again, it eventually swam off but, shortly afterwards, was back on the beach again!

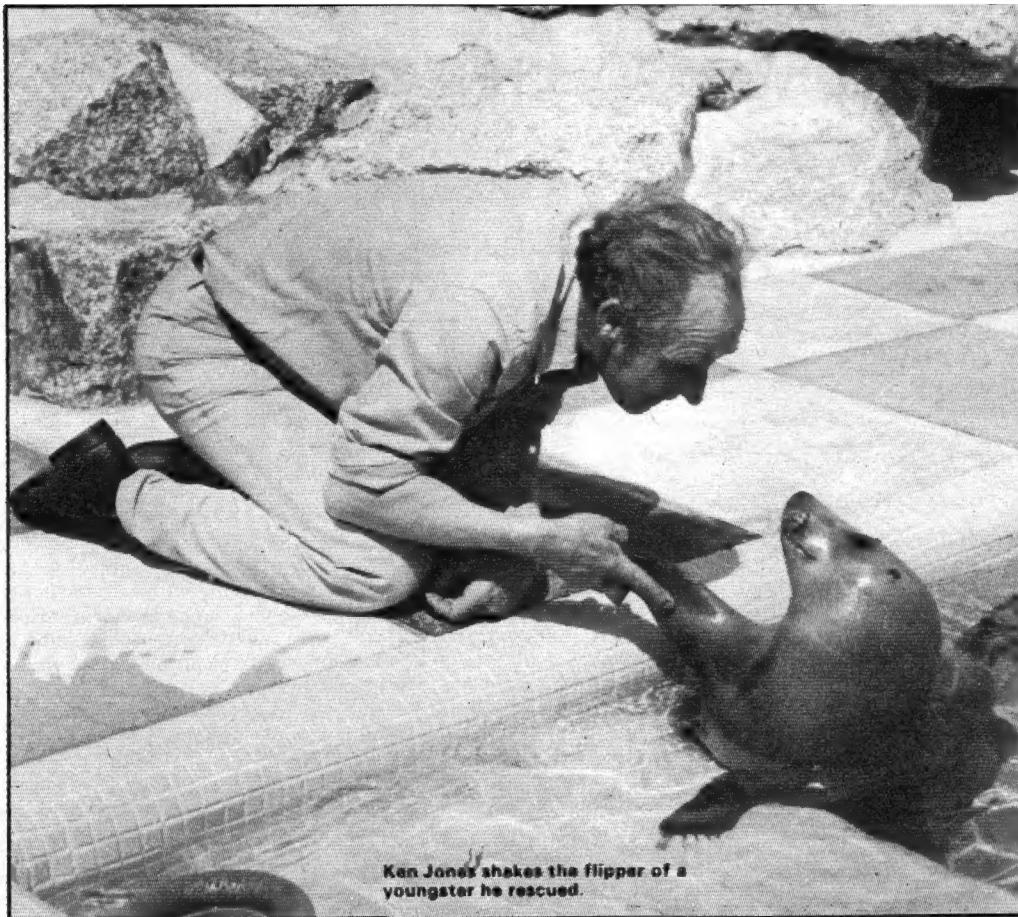
They filled their bath with sea water for it, but later found this to be a great mistake. Almost all the babies rescued are sick (often with pneumonia), shocked, with bad cuts from the rocks and usually starving. "They are only skin and bone and very pathetic. They have to be kept warm, not wet!" says Ken. "After all, they are mammals, born on land."

Their second seal, Sammy—every seal is given a name when it comes in—was washed up a month later and was cared for as best they knew how at the time. As he began to perk up, they built him a wire netting run and started work on a pool.

More and more babies in need were treated. After weaning, when their wounds and infections had cleared up, they were released on the section of coastline where they were found. "This enables them to join up with local colonies," says Ken. "But if one is a bit dodgy, I usually return another pup with it for company."

And so the years have passed. The rescues themselves are often terribly dangerous. Ken allowed me a glimpse of his bravery when he described clambering and slipping in a winter storm along cliffs, with the sea dashing the rocks below; the wind and rain trying to snatch the man with the 30 lb. baby in his arms; a baby doing its best to bite him all the time as he climbed up with it to safety!

Not only seals but other orphaned, injured or oil-polluted creatures are treated,



Ken Jones shakes the flipper of a youngster he rescued.

too. It became obvious that the sanctuary must expand to cope with all the 'patients' and the couple decided to sell their beach café to raise funds for the project.

After tremendous difficulties with finance and the necessary planning permission, in 1975 their handsome, long-sought-for Seal Sanctuary at Gweek was opened. Set in magnificent terrain, it has five pools of clear water as well as a seal hospital where the badly sick babies are first loved well again in practical ways, such as having to be force-fed four times a day from two to eight weeks on a specially rich emulsified 'fish milk' which contains antibiotics.

TAUGHT TO FISH

When the worst of their wounds and any infection has cleared up, they are put in a Weaning Pool. Here they are taught to catch fish. The scheme is always to return the babies to their natural habitat as soon as they can fend for themselves. The sanctuary does, however, have some eighteen resident seals. Mainly adults, too permanently injured to go back to the wild, they can be seen enjoying a blissful existence.

Each seal brought in has its own particular personality, which is soon recognised as it gains strength and confidence in this happy place. Though a large proportion of those recovered survive, not every seal does and each, as it is grieved over, strengthens the resolve to continue this necessary work.

It seems sad that such a scheme should have such heavy financial worries, but the seals consume 16 stone of fish a day, which mounts up to an enormous yearly fish bill, and the annual electricity bills to keep such things as the pumps for the water working

also run into thousands of pounds. "It's like keeping five swimming pools going," jokes Ken.

The whole project is financed by the visitors who flock there, though Ken would clearly love to be in a position where we could all visit his lovely infants free of charge. Benson School near Oxford have adopted one youngster, whom they call Lucky, and a small band of women at a Birmingham factory have adopted another.

"We don't drink or go anywhere," say the Joneses, "and what we take out is negligible, everything goes on paying for the seals. But it's a bit worrying."

Mary told me they haven't had a holiday for 20 years. "And I expect if we did, it would be on the coast of Scotland looking at seals there," she laughed.

My special memory of this remarkable place is of a child's brightly coloured rubber ring with a small seal lying on it, fast asleep, his tummy in the air and a look of utter bliss on his face. But do go and see for yourself if you're anywhere in the area. Ken and Mary will be delighted to see you.



FURTHER CHAPTERS OF ESSIE SUMMERS' WARMLY HUMAN NOVEL

Spring in September

HOW THE STORY BEGAN

September was a beautiful month all over the world but the thoughts of SUSANNAH CAREW—SHANNA to friends—turned longingly to Larchwood Vale, her family home in New Zealand. It was the loveliest spot of all, for it held everything most dear to her. Some day when her father's overseas service as a trade commissioner was at an end, they would return there to live. That hoped-for time came sooner than she anticipated. In England, her friends, STEPHANIE and BRENT MORLEY, revealed that her adored grandmother, CLOTHILDE, was planning a family reunion and wanted her only grandchild there. Shanna had organised the last gathering of the clans—quite creditably, she thought—with MORGAN HERVINGTON-BLAIR'S help. Morgan—Stephanie's brother—who had saved her face all those years ago when JOHN FORESTER, the man she had been pledged to, had fallen in love with her cousin from Tahiti. Morgan had offered to pretend to be engaged to her, leaving John free to marry FRAN. She'd grabbed the chance eagerly, only to break away soon afterwards to join her parents overseas. But now Cousin Fran was dead, and Morgan managed the vast Larchwood acres. Wouldn't the close-knit farming community wonder which man she would pick if she returned? But Morgan, the Morleys reassured her, was away in the Pacific at the moment.

Homecoming was everything she'd hoped. Daffodils danced on all the estates—Forester Gorge and Blair Peaks, linked for generations to Larchwood. Only one cloud marred her joy: Morgan. He'd returned home for the lambing, so it would still be a triangle: herself, John and Morgan. Memory stirred in her. She had never known whether Morgan's face-saving suggestion had stemmed from an innate kindness or the hope that, through her, he would one day be the owner of Larchwood. All he now admitted was that it would have given him what he most desired.

Shanna's thoughts wandered further back—to another September night when Morgan had kissed her. In a flash, she had known she loved him, that her affection for John Forester would never be more than that. Then Morgan had swept her into the sham engagement that she hoped might become real. How naive she had been. Shaking away hurtful memories, she arranged to meet John for an early morning ride.

The story now continues

THREE WAS nothing but pleasure in John's greeting on that sparkling morning, and all restraint vanished. He held out a hand and said, his dark eyes looking into Shanna's, "Let's turn back the clock, and ride as if we hadn't a care or sorrow in the world."

Her spirit responded to that. She wheeled her horse round to level up with him and said, laughingly, "Right . . . what mark shall we take for goal?"

"Those cabbage trees by Gerard's Crossing. Come on!"

He was a magnificent rider, with much show-jumping to his credit, but he didn't ride to his full extent this morning, knowing she'd not ridden for so long. But it was open country with few hazards, and how exhilarating it was. John drew rein before he reached the *ti*-trees with their cabbage-like tufted heads, and allowed her to catch up to him. His eyes were admiring. It

warmed her heart after Morgan's hostility.

He said, "Let's turn up here. We've bulldozed a track right up Black Beech Gulley, and cut a splendid vantage point on one side. We can see a great sweep of countryside with the binoculars there when mustering. You can spot the stragglers easily, and send the dogs in after them."

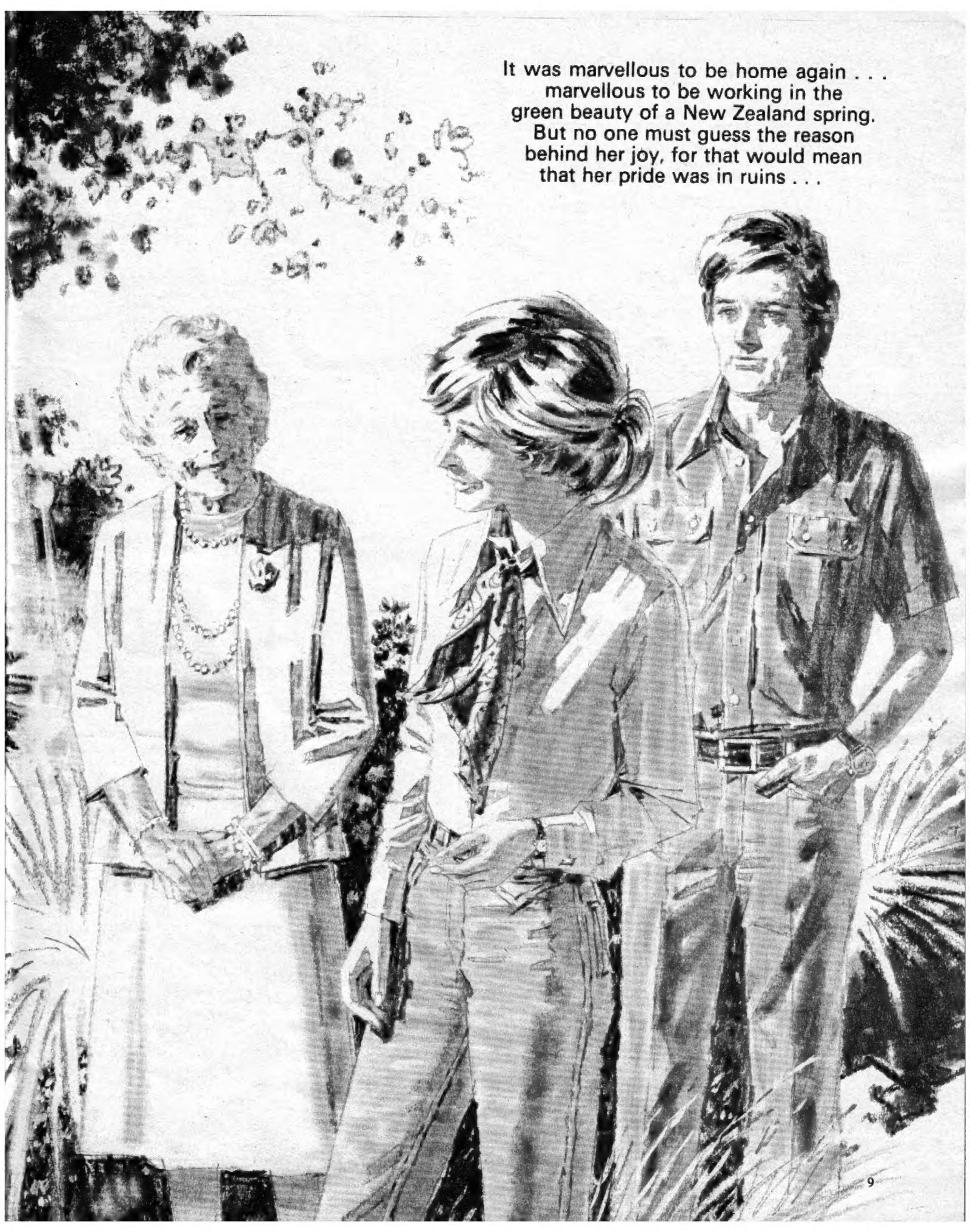
The horses picked their way carefully up the rough track, the jingle of the harness blending with *tuis* calling, bellbirds chiming, the mating call of a blackbird, the splash of waters in the ravine far below. They came out on to the new lookout.

John shaded his eyes against the brilliance in the east. "So different from the old days. Imagine the time it took our ancestors in the first generation to get to Christchurch! Now I can be at the airport there in under two hours, and in Wellington for Wool Board or Wheat Board meetings in another

Continued overleaf



ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC EARNSHAW



It was marvellous to be home again . . .
marvellous to be working in the
green beauty of a New Zealand spring.
But no one must guess the reason
behind her joy, for that would mean
that her pride was in ruins . . .



PRINTS PLEASE!

Bright sunny days call for dainty floral prints and loose, cool, easy-to-wear styles. Hence our fluidly designed dress and two-piece, selected from Butterick's pattern range, by Fashion Editor, Jill Cox

THERE'S ONE THING our fashion team share in common and that's an inability to overlook a pretty print! Whatever the fashion mood of the moment, be it a fad for bright, day-glow plain colours; ethnic, peasant looks; tweeds, stripes or checks—we find ourselves time and time again drawn to those dainty little prints with a slightly Victoriana air. The main reason is obvious—they do tend to suit everybody from the most petite to the more amply proportioned figure. Another bonus point is the fact that the more colours you've got in your print, the more chance there is that you have accessories in your wardrobe to set it off!

OUR UP-DATED CLASSIC dress and suit are perfect for this kind of fabric. Both are styled, long, easy, wearable lines with front button fastenings, drop shoulderlines and neat little stand-up collars. The fronts on both dress and suit gather softly into the shoulders and the skirts are flatteringly fluid in shape with the fullness at the hem.

The Fabric details

Our two pretty Acrylic prints are economically minded, because they're wide—137/140 cm (52/54 in.) to be precise—and cost just £1.49 a metre. By Epatra, the quality is called 'Zinia' and the two colourways we chose were colour 1, black background with pink/green/fawn flowers and colour 3, deep lilac ground with lilac/yellow/green flowers. A further colourway (not shown) is available. This is colour 2, deep air force blue ground with grey/fawn/apricot flowers. Fabrics are machine washable and are obtainable from Delgoire Ltd., 376 Victoria Avenue, PO SS2 6NA, Southend-on-Sea, Essex. Please allow 50p extra for postage and packing. The store will supply fabric samples by return of post.

For pattern address and voucher with which to order, please turn to page 4.

BUTTERICK PATTERN

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	SIZES		8	10	12	14	16	18		
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									2.70	3
									2.70	3



SPRING IN SEPTEMBER

Continued

hour. Once it took the first Forester three weeks to reach Christchurch because the Rakaia and Selwyn rivers were in flood. Even without floods or snow, it often took Eldred three days. Yet if I go to Europe or Canada for trade discussions any time, I'll be there in less time than he took to reach Cathedral Square!"

Shanna said, "Might you be doing that before long, John? Going to Canada or Europe?"

"Yes." He hesitated, then said, "I should certainly make it next year. I could have this year, but fortunately Stephanie's letter saying you were coming home reached here two days before the deadline for acceptance came up."

Shanna was startled. "You don't mean you turned it down because of me, John? Oh, you shouldn't . . ."

"I do mean just that. Why not? I only applied because it would give me the chance of seeing you. It was to be Brussels, London, Canada, so even when I heard, after my application went in, that your father was off to Canada, it didn't matter. Even if you went with him, I'd see you somewhere."

Shanna knew it was a compliment, but she was dismayed, for all that. She'd just wanted this to be a coming home, not an instant, inward turmoil. John mustn't think it was going to be just as it was before Fran or Morgan complicated their lives.

She said crisply, "Couldn't you still take it? I mean, my decision to come home is so recent, it mightn't be too late. I believe you're getting very interested in politics, so wouldn't this advance you in that ambition? What a pity to turn it down."

The dark, unreadable eyes met hers. Once she had found that intriguing. Now she wasn't sure.

"I don't count it a pity. Time enough for a trip like that later," John said. "I found it easy to pass up when I knew you were coming. Frankly, if a chap's been given a chance to retrieve an old mistake, he'd be a fool to leave the field free for Morgan, who charmed you away once before."

Shanna felt breathless, but not shy. She met his glance levelly. "John, there's nothing between Morgan and myself. We're just destined, as before, for Gran'mère's sake, to work closely together. She doesn't feel she'll see another reunion if we wait for the customary decade to pass, so we must humour her. I want it to be a happy one for her. I don't want it to be as the last one was, a time of snarled-up relationships. And in any case, I can't . . . quite . . . get used to the idea that Françoise is gone. Oh, forgive me, it's much worse for you, but all my last memories of Larchwood Vale are bound up with her. We were so much more than cousins. We were friends. I loved her dearly."

JOHN DREW his horse nearer to hers. "Fran's been gone two years. A chap has to take up life again, and never forget, my dear, that you gave me up. Fran comforted me, but you were always first with me."

Shanna bit her lip. "John—you'll have to know this. I'd made up my mind to give you up a couple of weeks or so before I actually did. By then, you see, I was pretty sure, and it was a great comfort to me that you were attracted to Fran, anyway. But your saying this makes me very uneasy."

Continued overleaf

SPRING IN SEPTEMBER

Continued

He said sharply, "Uneasy? Why?" She turned and looked into the handsome face so close to hers. "John, I couldn't bear it if I thought Fran ever looked upon herself as second-best. Did she? Did she feel she'd just caught you on the rebound? Because that would make any woman unhappy. I'd rather think that you'd said to her at some time that you were lucky I'd given you up; that you were glad we'd never actually become engaged. I myself told Fran that it had never been a grand passion with either of us. I thought I'd convinced her. So tell me, please, John, was she unhappy because of me?"

His jaw tightened. "Shanna, if anyone has hinted to you that Fran was unhappy, it wasn't because of you. Want to know what it was? Just homesickness for Tahiti: for its warmth, its gaiety, its sunshine and colour. Perhaps I ought to have sold out and taken her farming in the sub-tropical north instead of continuing in this alpine region, but I thought, in time, as other brides have done here, she'd come to love it. That's all it was. Don't let anyone set up any doubts of me in your mind."

"Oh, come on, Shanna. Give it time. I oughtn't to have spoken to you so seriously, so soon. But to be on the verge of going to seek you out, then to find you were almost on your way, got me off balance."

Shanna had to accept that, though she felt far from happy about John's latest revelations.

They made their way down and parted at the Crag, John to his house, empty except for a housekeeper and her odd-job-man husband, she to Morgan, from whom she must continue to hide her real feelings. But one ache in her heart was eased. Fran hadn't been unhappy in her marriage, only homesick, which was natural, and would have passed, if only she'd been given the time.

SHANNA CAME into the house singing, to find Morgan with the table set and a breakfast tray ready for Clothilde. She braced herself for a dry remark about her good spirits, but he just turned from ladling porridge into a blue striped bowl and said, "Good, you've timed it nicely. You can help me take this up. I'm sure the first thing Clothilde will want to set eyes on this morning will be her granddaughter. Otherwise she'll think she only dreamed it. I'll follow with the tray."

Gran'mère was sitting up in bed, a fluffy amethyst cloud of shawl about her shoulders, her blue eyes bright with anticipation, her cheeks flushed delicately pink, her white hair brushed and shining, and caught up with a tortoiseshell comb.

"Isn't she a vain young thing?" teased Morgan. "She always has nighties and bed-jackets to match her pastel-tinted bedroom. You remind me of Tudor royalty, Clothilde, receiving courtiers in your bedroom."

He piled up pillows behind her while Shanna adjusted the tray.

Gran'mère chuckled. "When I came to live here I found the mountain air made me ravenous, so I shared Humphrey's breakfasts and it saved time. But these days I skip the bacon and eggs."

Sharing breakfast with Morgan in the big blue-and-white kitchen seemed so domesticated to Shanna. Perhaps Morgan was aware of that, too, for they kept chatting, mostly about the approaching family reunion.

Continued on page 48

THE PRODUCE

You will need: 1 large packet of DAS clay; water-based paints; a bottle of Varnidas.

To make: DAS is a self-hardening clay, so the produce does not need firing; just leave the little grey shapes to dry out overnight. The clay keeps moist for a long time in the foil packet and if it tends to become dry while you are working with it, moisten your fingertips with a little water to make it supple again. Make the cauliflowers first, and scale everything to size in relation to them. Note: Don't paint your produce with oil paint—when the varnish dries, the paint may lift and flake off.

Cauliflowers Make the cauliflowers about the size of a medium-sized real Brussels sprout.

First make a round ball of clay slightly smaller than the finished cauliflower. Roll out three flat leaves of clay and wrap round the ball of clay, squeezing them together at the bottom.

Using the end of a matchstick, stipple the top to make crinkly florets.

When the clay is completely dry, paint the stippled part creamy white, with flecks of green here and there. Paint the leaves dark green with lighter green veins.

Cabbages Make these as for cauliflower but with a smaller ball in the centre. Use more leaves, wrapping them over the top to form the shape.

Paint green all over with crimson veins.

Lettuces Make five flat leaves for each lettuce, rolling the clay very thinly. Curl the leaves round each other, squeezing them together at the base so they splay out like petals.

Paint green all over, adding a little yellow to get the true colour.

Marrow Roll out ovals of clay, as thick as your thumb and 5 cm (2 in.) long. Bend slightly and make an indentation in each end with a matchstick. As they are quite thick they will take longer to dry than the other vegetables.

Paint in varying shades of assorted greens.

Brussels sprouts Roll out tiny balls of clay between your finger and thumb.

Roll the sprouts in runny emerald green paint, turning them until they are completely covered. When dry, add a few darker green swirls to each.

Leeks Roll out a flat piece of clay and cut into 3 cm (1½ in.) squares. Shred one side of each square for the leaves. Place several squares together and roll up tightly, smoothing in the join at the base and making a slightly bulbous bottom.



Paint the lower two-thirds creamy white. Paint the leaves dark green and add delicate green stripes down the creamy part.

Melons Make round balls, the same size as the cauliflower centres.

Apply several coats of bright yellow paint and add faint green lines as shown in the colour picture.

Parsnips Make cylindrical rolls of clay, 4 cm (1½ in.) long and taper to a point at one end. Divide the pointed end of some of them in two and bend to give a misshapen effect.

Paint creamy white, finishing off with a few horizontal stripes in light brown.

Carrots Roll the clay between finger and thumb to make thin sticks, pointed at one end.

Paint bright orange.

Mushrooms Make tiny discs of flat clay, bending the edges up a little all round. With a pin, make grooves radiating out from the centre and then add a stalk. For button mushrooms, fold discs round clay stalks.

For button mushrooms paint white with a dash of pink around stalk. Paint grooves of others brown and the remainder white.

Potatoes Make irregular shapes then paint dark brown, adding a few darker eyes.

Tomatoes Roll the clay into tiny balls. With a scalpel blade, make a star shape on the top of each tomato and use this clay to form the stalk.

Paint bright red with emerald stalk.

Onions Make small balls, flattening the bottoms and pinching tops to a point.

Paint golden brown with darker rings.

Cucumbers Make rolls 6 cm (2½ in.) long. Squeeze ends into points, bend slightly.

Paint dark green all over.

Oranges and Apples Make marble-sized balls of clay. Indent the top of the oranges with the blade of a scalpel as shown in colour. Do the same on the apples, carrying the lines down as shown.

Paint oranges with bright orange paint and apples green or yellow with splashes of red.

Lemons Form slightly smaller balls, pinching the clay into points.

Paint yellow all over with tiny green flecks.

Pears Take the same amount of clay as for lemons and make pear shapes with flat bottoms. Indent top and bottom as before.

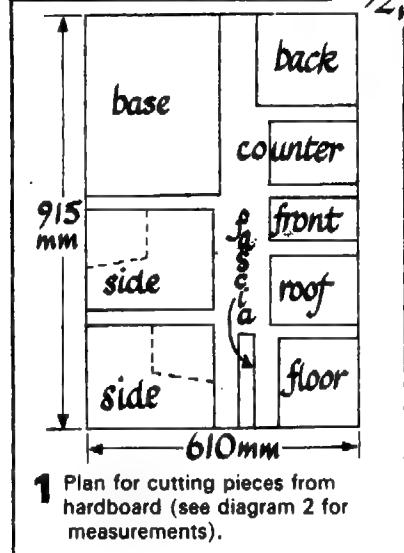
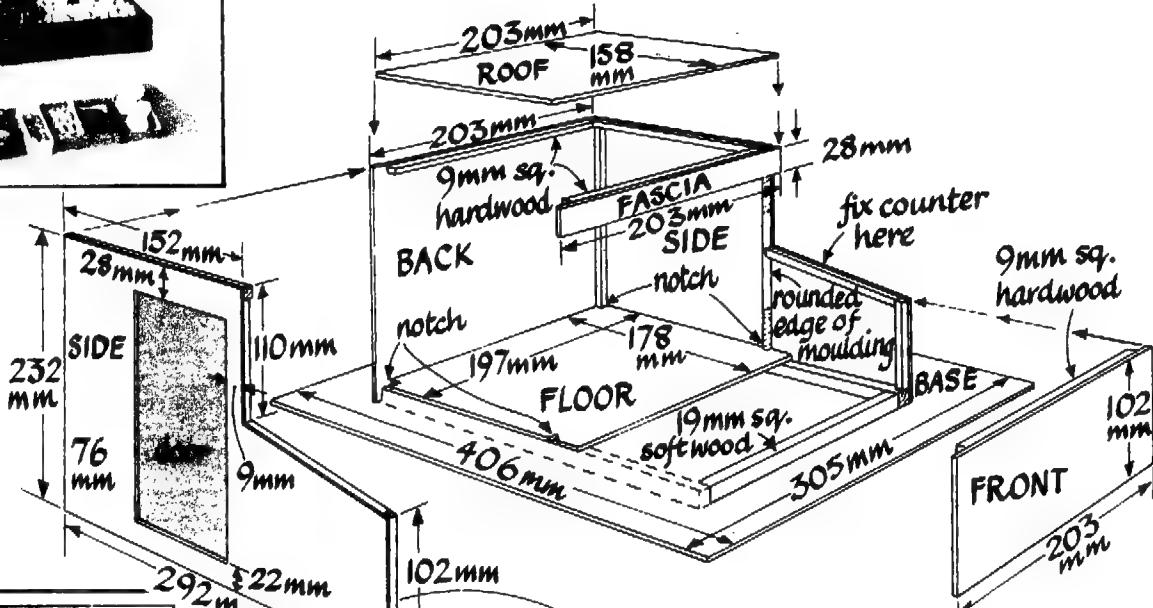
Paint pale yellow with light brown smudges.

Continued overleaf





Our market seller is a doll about 16.5 cm (6½ in.) tall.



Bananas Make curved strips of clay about 3 cm (1½ in.) long. Squeeze them together at one end to form a bunch.

Paint yellow with touches of green and brown.

Varnishing Lay a piece of waxed paper (from a bread wrapper) on the table. Varnish each piece then leave to dry on the paper.

THE STALL

You will need: One piece of 3 mm (⅛ in.) hardboard, 915 mm (36 in.) by 610 mm (24 in.); one piece of 19 mm (¾ in.) square softwood, 915 mm (36 in.) long; one piece of 9 mm (⅜ in.) quarter-round moulding, 457 mm (18 in.) long; one piece of 9 mm (⅜ in.) square hardwood, 2280 mm (90 in.) long; clear household adhesive such as Bostik No. 1 to stick the framing in place. Apply this to both surfaces to be joined, allow 5 to 10 minutes to dry, then press firmly together.

saw blade through this before cutting out the waste (see shaded area diagram 2). Cut to length and glue softwood, hardwood and quarter-round moulding to the back of each stall side (see inset diagram 2). Use a clear household adhesive such as Bostik No. 1 to stick the framing in place. Apply this to both surfaces to be joined, allow 5 to 10 minutes to dry, then press firmly together.

Cut the stall front, back and fascia to size and stick them in place against the appropriate edges of the stall sides.

From 9 mm (⅜ in.) sq. hardwood cut three pieces 179 mm (7 in.) long. Stick these pieces across the inside of the stall back, front and fascia with one long edge flush with the top edge of the hardboard.

Prepare the stall base to size, then stick the partially assembled stall centrally on to this. From 19 mm (¾ in.) square softwood cut two pieces 159 mm (6½ in.) long. Stick one piece along the inside lower edge of the stall front (gluing it to stall front and base), and the other piece along the inside lower edge of the stall back in the same way.

Cut the floor to size, then cut notches at the back corners and side edges to fit around the framing inside the stall (see diagram 2). Stick the floor in place. Prepare

the counter to size to fit neatly in place on the sloping edges of the stall sides (see diagram 2), with one long edge flush with the stall front. Stick 9 mm (⅜ in.) sq. hardwood along three sides of the counter top, then stick the counter in place on the stall.

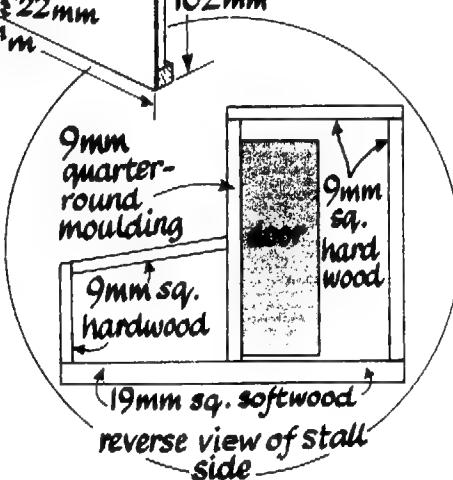
To complete the assembly, cut the roof to size and stick it in place on the top edges of the stall.

Cut a piece of fabric to cover the roof, allowing 5 mm (⅛ in.) turning all round. Cut strips of fabric 30 mm (1¼ in.) wide—two for each side and the roof front.

Make a paper pattern for the scalloped edging by drawing round a coin. Cut a scalloped edging on one long edge of each strip; place right sides together and stitch round scallops. Clip the curves then turn right side out and press. Top stitch round edges of scallops.

With right sides facing, stitch one raw edge of scalloped piece to the roof piece. Turn right side out, turn under remaining raw edge and slip stitch. Fit cover on roof. Cover the stall counter with green felt and glue in place.

The crates Use matchbox bases or make tiny crates from balsa wood following the colour picture on page 13 as your guide.



2 Exploded view of the stall showing construction.

Baked apples are even more tempting when you follow the golden rule.



If you want to make sure your baked apples are irresistible, then follow the Golden Rule; use Lyle's Golden Syrup. It gives its own beautiful flavour and mingles with the juices from the apples to make a delicious sauce to spoon over.

Here's a quick & easy way to make them.

Wipe four medium apples and remove the cores. Cut through the skin round the centre and then stand in a fireproof dish or baking tray and pour 3 tablespoons of water around them. Put 4 ozs. of chopped cooking dates (or sultanas) and, if you like a little crunchiness, 1 oz. of flaked almonds, in the centre of the apples.

Warm 2 generous tablespoons of Lyle's Golden Syrup and pour over the fruit. Top with a knob of butter and bake at 350°F (Mark 4) until tender, about 25-30 minutes.

They're delicious as they are, hot or cold, or with thick cream or custard.

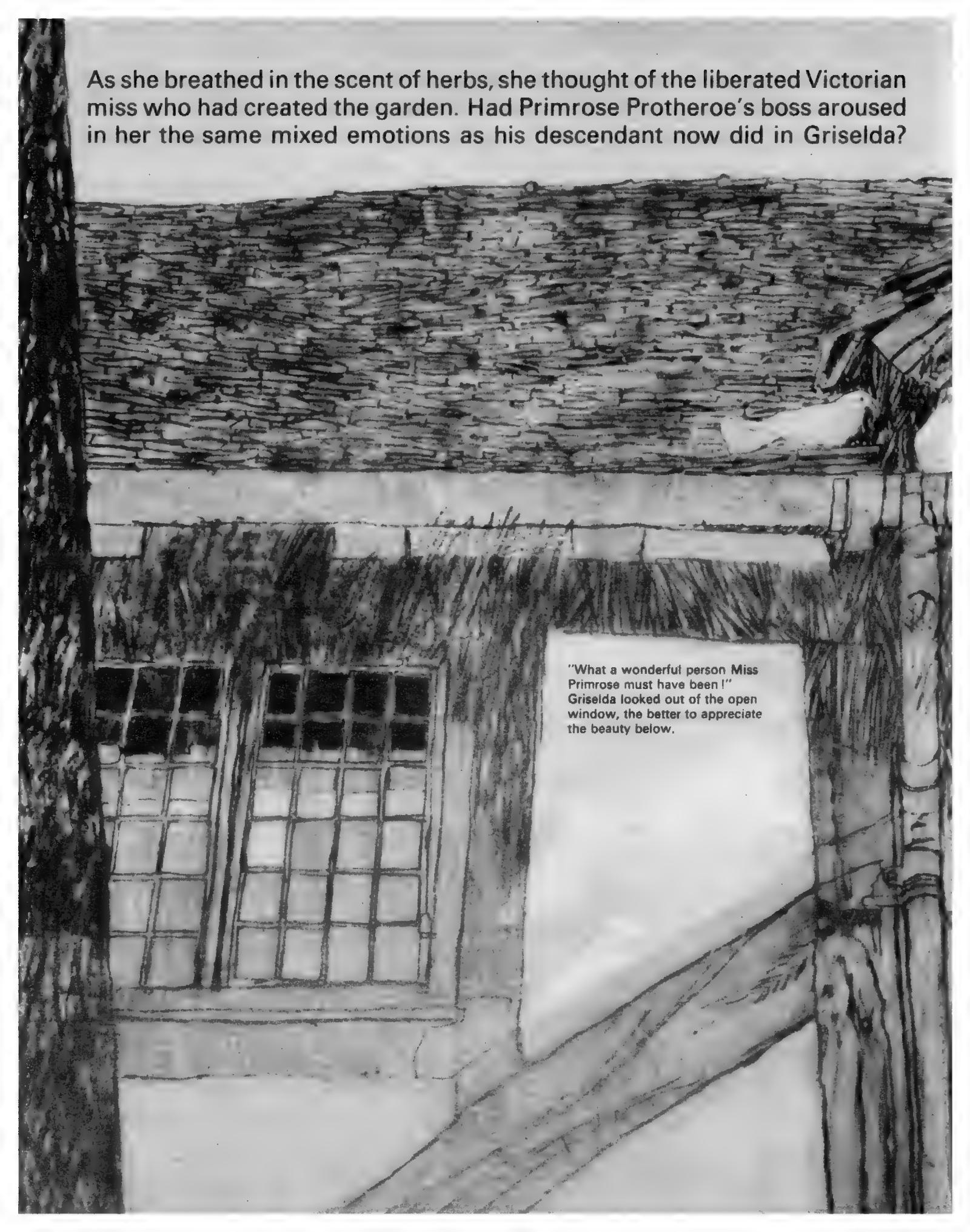
This is one of our new recipes. You'll find lots more in our Lyle's Golden Syrup recipe leaflet. For your free copy please write to: The Home Economist, Dept. WW3, Tate & Lyle Refineries Ltd., P.O. Box 10, Oxted, Surrey, RH8 9AX.



THE RULE



As she breathed in the scent of herbs, she thought of the liberated Victorian miss who had created the garden. Had Primrose Protheroe's boss aroused in her the same mixed emotions as his descendant now did in Griselda?



"What a wonderful person Miss Primrose must have been!"
Griselda looked out of the open window, the better to appreciate the beauty below.



**Another enchanting
short story
by Pat Lacey**

Miss Primrose's Piece

GRISELDA TOOLEY hadn't expected to enjoy the office party. Anything that was organised by the efficient Miss Shawe was unlikely to be Griselda's cup of tea. Or, in this case, her glass of champagne, for a party to celebrate the centenary of Herring's Herbs called for the full treatment.

Such, naturally enough, was the view held by Mr. Henry Herring, managing director of the firm that had been founded by his great-grandfather, James Herring.

But it had been Griselda, the most junior member of the staff, who had suggested exhibiting the firm's first ledgers and bills of trade at the centenary party.

"Excellent idea, Miss Tooley!" Mr. Herring had approved. "I'll get my son to organise it."

It had come as a distinct shock to Griselda to discover that the dark-haired young man who worked in Graphics, and with whom she exchanged shy smiles in the lift each morning, was also Mr. Herring's son.

Not only was she surprised, she was also a little regretful. For their relationship—if such it could be called—immediately underwent a subtle change. Now everyone seemed suddenly to discover his charm and Griselda felt distinctly unwanted when he came into the office to discuss the proposed exhibition. Miss Shawe fluttered around him like a moth around a flame, albeit a somewhat guttering flame.

"What exactly do you have in mind, Mr. Herring?" she asked.

"Name's Ben," he murmured absently, his eye roving critically around the plush modernity of his father's suite, where the party was to be held. "Difficult to reproduce the atmosphere of Victorian England in such a contemporary setting. Look at the carpet, for a start."

Miss Shawe obediently considered the vast stretches of best quality, fitted carpet. "It cost the earth, Mr. Herring," she pointed out reprovingly.

"Exactly!" said Ben, triumphantly. "My great-great-grandfather would never have been able to afford it. Bare boards, a yard or two of inexpensive coconut matting, perhaps, and that would have been his limit."

His gaze rested gratefully upon Griselda, who was wearing, quite by chance, a high-necked, sprigged cotton blouse fastened demurely at the neck by an antique cameo

Continued overleaf

MISS PRIMROSE'S PIECE

Continued

brooch. The neat simplicity of the garment suited her heart-shaped face and hair-style, the long, blonde tresses drawn severely back and held at the nape of her neck by a large black bow.

"You would have been quite at home in Harring's first business premises," young Mr. Harring said approvingly. "I can just see you measuring out a few grains of that and a spoonful of this. By George, that's it!" He suddenly smote his father's executive desk with an enthusiastic hand. "We'll reproduce the original shop front. Bow window, glass jars, old scales—the lot. And this delightful young lady shall preside over it. Miss Primrose in person." 'Miss Primrose' was the brand name for all Harring products.

Griselda blushed deeply—an expression of Victorian modesty which made Ben Harring beam even more enthusiastically.

"If she can be spared!" Miss Shawe reminded him.

"Not to worry! I'll soon settle Father!" said Ben.

And settle him he certainly did, as soon as his parent had returned from the board meeting he'd been attending. "Only too pleased you're showing an interest in the firm at last," he told his son.

"Griselda and I will spend a day down at Meadowcroft for a start, then," said Ben.

In recent years Harring's had added a wide range of herbal cosmetics and culinary aids to Mr. James's original pharmaceutical products, and the Sussex herb garden had grown into a farm covering many acres. "A day at Meadowcroft" was now recognised as one of the perks of working for the firm, especially in fine summer weather. It was a perk that so far hadn't come Griselda's way.

"We'll go tomorrow, if that suits you," Ben decided. "Where shall I pick you up?"

They agreed on the Tube station to which she normally came every day. "About eight?" said Ben. "Or is that too early?"

Six o'clock would have given her even longer in his company but naturally she didn't say so.

NEXT MORNING, Griselda wore her hair in two plaits tied with scarlet ribbon and a sweater and jeans that matched the forget-me-not blue of her eyes.

"You're not at all like Miss Primrose today!" Ben observed, as he opened the passenger door of a dashing sports car.

"Tell me about her," Griselda asked.

"Just let me get you safely through this traffic, and I will," he promised.

"Miss Primrose Protheroe," he began some fifteen minutes later, as the car picked up speed, "was a lady of very strong character. Remember that she was born over a hundred years ago, when it was very rare for a respectable single lady to earn her own living except possibly as a governess or companion. Certainly not to soil her lily-white hands, toiling in the fields. Or in the herb garden, to be more precise."

"Great-great-grandfather," he said, "employed her originally to take care of the business side of affairs, but she became so interested in the herbs, she couldn't keep her fingers off them. And they were the greenest fingers you could imagine! Everything seemed to grow for her. Including the business. It expanded at the most enormous rate."

Continued on page 58

COOL CUSTOMER

Our easy-to-wear and easy-to-crochet top comes into its own for hot days worn with a shirt, and for cooler days with a silky polo sweater

Instructions in 3 sizes

MATERIALS: Allow the following quantities in 25 g balls of Jaeger Clarendon: 11 for 86 cm size; 12 for 91 cm size; 13 for 97 cm size. For any one size: sizes 3.00 and 3.50 crochet hooks.

TENSION: Work at a tension of 22 stitches and 10 rows to measure 10 x 10 cm, over the pattern, using size 3.50 hook, to obtain the measurements given on facing page.

ABBREVIATIONS: To be read before working: St., stitch; tog., together; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; h.tr., half treble; tr., treble; sl.st., slip stitch; sp., space; 2 or 3 tr. or d.c. tog., work 2 or 3 treble or double crochet together (work 1 st. in each of next 2 or 3 sts., leaving last loop of each on hook, yarn over hook and draw through all loops); nil, meaning nothing is worked on this size.

NOTE: The instructions are given for the 86 cm (34 inch) size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 91 cm (36 inch) size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 97 cm (38 inch) size.

THE BACK: With size 3.00 hook, make 97 (105) (109) ch.

1st foundation row: 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end—95 (103) (107) tr.

Change to size 3.50 hook.

2nd foundation row: 3 ch. for tr., 1 tr. in next tr., * 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next tr.; repeat from * until 1 tr. remains, 1 tr. in end tr., turn.

1st pattern row: 4 ch. for tr. and 1 ch.sp., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next ch.sp., * 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next ch.sp.; repeat from * working last tr. into tr. at end, turn.

2nd row: 3 ch. for tr., 1 tr. in next ch.sp., * 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next ch.sp.; repeat from * until 1 tr. remains, 1 tr. in end tr., turn. **

These 2 rows form the pattern; repeat them 14 times, then work 1st row again.

To shape the armholes: 1st row: Sl.st. along and into 2nd (3rd) (4th) ch.sp., 3 ch. for tr., 3 tr. tog., 1 tr. in next ch.sp., pattern until 3 (4) (5) ch.sp.s remain, 3 tr. tog., turn leaving 3 (5) (7) sts. unworked.

2nd row: 3 ch. for tr., 3 tr. tog., pattern until 3 sts. remain, 3 tr. tog., turn.

Repeat 2nd row, 3 times.

Next row: 3 ch. for tr., 2 tr. tog., pattern until 2 sts. remain, 2 tr. tog., turn.

Repeat the last row twice more—63 (67) (67) sts.

Pattern 8 (10) (10) rows.

To slope the shoulders: Next row: Sl.st. over 3 (5) (5) sts., pattern across 3 sts. working d.cs. instead of trs., pattern across 4 sts. working htrs. instead of trs., pattern across next 43 sts., pattern across 4 sts. working htrs. instead of trs., pattern across 3 sts. working d.cs. instead of trs., sl.st. to end.

Fasten off.

THE FRONT: Work as back to **.

These 2 rows form the pattern; repeat them 13 times.

To divide for v-neck: Next row: Pattern across 45 (49) (51) sts., 2 tr. tog., turn and work on this section for right half front.

The right half front: 1st row: 3 ch. for tr., 2 tr. tog., pattern to end, turn.

2nd row: Pattern until 2 sts. remain, 2 tr. tog., turn.

To shape the armhole and continue shaping neck: 1st row: 3 ch. for tr., 2 tr. tog., pattern until 6 (8) (10) sts. remain, 3 tr. tog., turn.

2nd row: 3 ch. for tr., 3 tr. tog., pattern until 2 sts. remain, 2 tr. tog., turn.

3rd row: 3 ch. for tr., 2 tr. tog., pattern until 3 sts. remain, 3 tr. tog., turn.

4th and 5th rows: As 2nd and 3rd rows.

*** Continue in pattern, working 2 tr. tog. as before each end of the next 3 rows, then at neck edge only on the next 2 rows, then the 3 following alternate rows—15 (17) (17) sts.

Pattern nil (2) (2) rows. ***

To slope the shoulder: Next row: Pattern across 5 sts., pattern across next 4 sts. working htrs. instead of trs., pattern across 3 sts. working d.cs. instead of trs., sl.st. to end and fasten off.

The left half front: With wrong side facing, miss centre st., rejoin yarn to next st., 3 ch. for tr., 2 tr. tog., pattern to end, turn.

2nd row: As 2nd row of right half front.

3rd row: As 1st row of right half front.

To shape the armhole and continue shaping neck: 1st row: Sl.st. along and into 2nd (3rd) (4th) ch.sp., 3 ch. for tr., 3 tr. tog., pattern until 2 sts. remain, dec., turn.

2nd row: As 3rd armhole shaping row of right half front.

3rd row: As 2nd armhole shaping row of right half front.

4th and 5th rows: As 2nd and 3rd rows.

Work as right half front from *** to ***.

To slope the shoulder: Next row: Sl.st. over 3 (5) (5) sts., pattern across 3 sts. working d.cs. instead of trs., pattern across 4 sts. working htrs. instead of trs., pattern to end and fasten off.

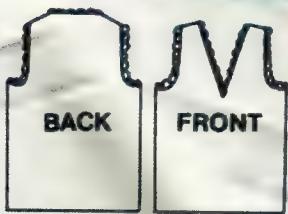
THE NECK EDGING: First join shoulder seams. With right side facing, rejoin yarn to left shoulder and with size 3.00 hook, work a row of d.c. all round neck edge, join and turn.

Next row: 2 ch. for d.c., d.c. to end, working 3 d.c. tog. at centre front. Fasten off.

THE ARMOHOLE EDGINGS (2 alike): With right side facing, rejoin yarn and using size 3.00 hook, work a row of d.c. evenly all round armhole edge, turn.

Work another row of d.c. and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP THE TOP: Press with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Join side seams, continuing seam across armhole edgings.



MEASUREMENTS *in centimetres
(and inches, in brackets)*

To fit bust sizes	86 (34)	91 (36)	97 (38)
Side seam, including edging	34 (13½)	34 (13½)	34 (13½)
Length	50 (19½)	52 (20½)	52 (20½)



Spreading the peanut butter over the bread.

PEANUT TRIANGLES

Makes 8

4 slices white bread

4 level tablespoons peanut butter

1 large egg

20ml (1 tablespoon) milk

A pinch of salt

Equipment required: Palette knife, bread board, bread knife, fork, plate, baking tray, oven gloves.

1. Using the palette knife, spread the peanut butter over the slices of bread.
2. Sandwich the slices together, then on the bread board, cut off the crusts.
3. Cut each sandwich into 4 triangles.
4. Beat the egg and milk together with a little salt and pour it on to a plate.
5. Dip the triangles one at a time into the liquid, coating them on both sides.
6. When the triangles are coated, place them on a baking tray and bake in a fairly hot oven, gas mark 6 or 400°F/200°C, for 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown.
7. Leave to cool slightly, then remove from the tray and serve immediately.



Peanut Triangles are cooked until golden brown.

CALLING YOUNG COOKS

With school holidays now in full swing, perhaps the novelty of their usual games is wearing a bit thin with the children. Janet Warren has come to the rescue of all mums by devising a selection of recipes that children between the ages of five and twelve years old can have fun cooking!

IMPORTANT NOTE

Before starting to cook any of the recipes read the following points as they will help to make the day even more fun.

1. Wash your hands before handling any food.
2. Put on an apron.
3. Read the recipe carefully, then collect all the equipment before starting to cook.
4. Wherever a cooker or sharp knives are

involved in the recipe, make sure Mummy is around before you start to use them.

5. Try to be as tidy as possible, so Mummy will let you do more cooking at another time.

NOTE: Remember that where dual measurements are given—metric and imperial—do follow one column or the other as direct conversions are not satisfactory.

SPAGHETTI HOOP TARTS

Makes 9

150 g (6 oz.) plain flour

A pinch of salt

25 g (1 oz.) lard

50 g (2 oz.) margarine

For the Filling

1 small can (213 g/7½ oz.) spaghetti hoops

1 large egg

25 g (1 oz.) grated cheese

Equipment required: Bowls, sieve, rolling pin, fork, spoon, 3½ inch fluted cutter, 9 tartlet tins, oven gloves, palette knife.



Spooning the spaghetti hoops into the tarts.

1. Sift the flour and salt into a mixing bowl.
2. Add the lard and margarine cut into small pieces and, using the fingertips, rub the fats in until the mixture looks like breadcrumbs.
3. Carefully stir in enough cold water to make a fairly stiff pastry.
4. Lightly dust the working surface with flour and roll out the dough to 3 mm (⅛ inch) thickness. Cut out 9 rounds, using the fluted cutter.
5. Ease one round into each tartlet tin, making sure it covers the base.
6. Turn the spaghetti hoops into a bowl, beat in the egg, then spoon the filling into each pastry case and sprinkle with cheese.
7. Bake on the centre shelf of a fairly hot oven, gas mark 6 or 400°F/200°C, for 20 to 25 minutes until golden brown.
8. Cool the tartlets in the tin for 15 minutes, then remove them with a palette knife and serve slightly warm with tomato wedges.

More recipes overleaf





Spoon the cake mixture into the sweet cases.

DOLLY TEA-TIME CAKES

Makes 24 small cakes

50 g (2 oz.) soft margarine

50 g (2 oz.) caster sugar

60 g (2 oz.) self-raising flour

1 standard egg

Hundreds and thousands

Chocolate and coloured strands

Equipment required: Bowl, sieve, wooden spoon, 24 paper sweet cases, baking tray, teaspoon, oven gloves, wire tray.

- Put the soft margarine and caster sugar into a mixing bowl. Break in the egg and sieve in the flour.
- Using the wooden spoon, stir all the ingredients together so that they combine.
- Beat the mixture for a minute.
- Space out the paper sweet cases on the baking tray.
- Put a small teaspoonful of the sponge mixture into each case, then generously sprinkle each cake with one of the cake decorations.
- Bake the cakes on the centre shelf of a moderate oven, gas mark 4 or 350°F/180°C, for 15 to 20 minutes or until they are golden brown and feel springy to the touch.
- Remove the tray from the oven, put the cakes on to a wire tray and leave to cool before eating for tea.



Dolly Tea-Time Cakes—mini mouthfuls for tea.

CRUNCHY CHOCOLATE PIECES

Makes 16

100 g (4 oz.) margarine

50 g (2 oz.) caster sugar

25 g (1 oz.) desiccated coconut

50 g (2 oz.) cornflakes, crushed

75 g (3 oz.) plain flour

1 level tablespoon cocoa powder

For the Icing

100 g (4 oz.) icing sugar

1 level tablespoon cocoa powder

About 1 tablespoon cold water

Equipment required: Small saucepan, sieve, wooden spoon, 7½ inch square shallow tin, palette knife, oven gloves, tablespoon, knife.

- Grease the tin with a little oil.
- Put the margarine into the pan and melt it slowly over a low heat.
- Remove the pan from the heat and add the caster sugar, coconut and cornflakes.
- Sieve in the flour and 1 tablespoon cocoa powder, then, using a wooden spoon, mix all the ingredients together.
- Turn the mixture into the tin and spread it to the sides.
- Bake the Crunchy Chocolate Pieces on the centre shelf of a moderate oven, gas mark 4 or 350°F/180°C, for 20 minutes.
- While the bake is cooking, make the icing.



Crunchy Chocolate Pieces in the making.

- Sieve the icing sugar and cocoa powder into a bowl, then stir in enough cold water to make a thick icing.
- When the bake is cooked, remove the tin from the oven, turn the icing on to the surface and spread it to the sides of the tin.
- Cut the bake into 16 squares while the mixture is still warm, then leave it to cool completely before easing the pieces out of the tin to serve for tea.



Cut out the Crusha Creams and leave to dry.

CRUSHA CREAMS

50 g (2 oz.) powdered glucose

2 tablespoons hot water

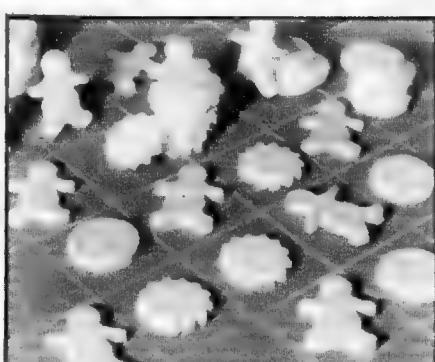
1 small egg white

About 700 g (1½ lb.) sifted icing sugar

Milk shake syrup—strawberry flavour and banana flavour

A little pink and yellow food colouring

Equipment required: Bowl, fork, teaspoon, rolling pin, 1 inch plain and fluted cutters, miniature gingerbread cutter (available from David Mellor, Sloane Square, London SW1), wire tray, greaseproof paper.



Banana and strawberry flavoured Crusha Creams.

The only one



Bring out the real meat meal. Now it's better value than ever!

It's not that we've changed Spam. We haven't - and we wouldn't! After all, it's the unique Spam recipe for that delicious blend of chopped cured pork shoulder and ham that has made our product the family favourite.

It's simply that when you consider the current prices of most cuts of fresh meat, then Spam begins to have more appeal than simply taste!

Why not take a fresh look at the real meat value in Spam? Served hot or cold, that famous pork and ham flavour always goes down a treat with the family.

Get some in!

CRISPY SPAM SALAD

1 x 12oz (340g) can Spam	Dressing
2 sticks celery	1 small finely chopped onion
½ cucumber	½ tsp. sugar
½lb (100g) mushrooms	½ tsp. dry mustard
2 red dessert apples	1 tsp. curry powder
a few lettuce leaves	4 tbsp. vinegar
	8 tbsp. vegetable oil
	pinch of salt and pepper

Serves 4/6

Cut the Spam into cubes, chop the celery, cucumber and mushrooms. Core and slice the apples, leaving on the skins for colour. Mix together and place in a salad bowl garnished with lettuce leaves. Make the Dressing by placing all the ingredients into a screw top jar and shake together. Pour over the salad.

**REAL MEAT
FOR YOUR MONEY**



CONTINUING BETTY BEATY'S SPARKLING
VERSION OF A
MEMORABLE MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

Days of the Dolphin

Did the Chief think me spiteful enough
to attack a rival? Did he think me
slushily sentimental about our stowaway?
Did he think me still in love with
my ex-fiancé? Worst of all . . .
had he no desire to think of me at all?

HOW THE STORY BEGAN

TIM RIDLEY was the last person I hoped to see that chilly spring morning as the *Cressida* prepared to set sail for the Mediterranean on an educational cruise . . . for Tim and I had once been engaged, and it had been no easy task recovering from the hurt his defection had caused me. I was aboard *Cressida* as an assistant matron, with three dormitories—*Brontë*, *Gaskell* and *Sand*—full of schoolgirls in my charge. Tim, a schoolmaster, was accompanying a party of schoolboys. He told me that he was not yet married to his ROSANNE, though the wedding was set for later that summer. ELAINE PRIOR, my cabin-mate, was a great support in all this emotional turmoil. She didn't believe in love, she announced, and in the same breath bewailed the presence on board of the unspeakable MASTER-AT-ARMS MADDOX.

The cruise got under way, and then, to my horror, I discovered a young stowaway. BARNEY told me a sad story. An orphan, he'd hitch-hiked to Southampton and had come on board unnoticed. CHIEF OFFICER MARK TEMPLAR was not amused by this event. In fact, he was furious with my soft-hearted—soft-headed, he clearly thought—handling of the situation. I loathed him—even more because he had right on his side. Luckily, he soon found distraction with one of our passengers, LORD RICHISON'S lovely daughter, DRUSILLA. But Barney, at least, was happy. He'd been found crew accommodation and was employed in running errands. At the Cruiseaway Ball, the Chief looked on disapprovingly as I danced with Tim; clearly he thought I was cherishing hopes of recapturing my ex-fiancé, even though he was no longer available. But the most nerve-racking ordeal of all was the Elimination Foxtrot I danced with the Chief. Being held in his arms was a strangely disturbing experience, as was the regulation kiss he gave me when we were declared the winners. The ship steamed on to Gibraltar, and some delightful dolphins appeared, disporting themselves in our wake. The Chief explained that sailors believe dolphins have a benign influence on human beings, and perhaps that accounted for his slightly more mellow mood. He even allowed Barney a trip ashore at Gibraltar, though firmly in the custody of the Chief himself. The ship's Water Carnival was our next excitement, once we were at sea again. Here Drusilla shone, but with a strangely ruthless will to win, considering the frivolous spirit of the games. My moment of glory came, however, when I ducked her in the greasy pole event. I might have known, of course, that my triumph would be short-lived.

Kate now continues her story

IN THE EVENT, the life span of my triumph at the ship's Water Carnival was a mere half hour: the time it took for everyone to change and reassemble for prize-giving, and for Drusilla Richison to make an entrance.

Gone was the Miss World image she had donned for the pool sports. She reappeared in a pale blue cotton dress,

simple but beautifully cut. Her rich red hair was dressed simply, too, pulled back in a pony tail. Her face was innocent of make-up. And quite clearly visible, even from where I stood, was an ugly bruise just below her left eye.

There was an indrawn "Oh" from the chattering crowds on deck, and Miss Richison dominated the scene in her rôle of

wounded heroine with greatest relish.

A small dais had been erected, and soon the captain would come along to present the prizes. Already, watched by Chief Officer Templar, the entertainments officer was testing the microphone. The Chief had changed out of his swimming trunks and was once again immaculate in uniform. I saw the new Miss Richison push her way forward and touch his arm.

"Darling," I heard her say quite clearly. "Look!" As Mark Templar swung round, she pointed with theatrical effect to her bruised cheekbone. I saw his face harden. "Just see what that wretched matronette, or whatever they call them, has done to me . . . the little minx!"

Some of the cabin passengers standing by shook their heads. One of Elaine's archaeologist table companions said, "Nonsense." Even Lord Richison advised, "Forget it, my dear."

But Mark Templar, of course, had to pull himself to his full height and, looking over the heads of the assembled throng, search me out.

When he found me, he shook his head slowly and admonishingly, and crooked his finger.

"You're in hot water again, Kate," he said mildly enough when I stood in front of him like some naughty child. "Miss Richison tells me you're responsible for that outrage." He stabbed a finger towards the bruise. "Are you?"

"Of course she is!" Miss Richison declared roundly and then sniffed. "You saw her out there. You saw her set about me. She was like a wildcat!"

"One moment, Drusilla. I asked her a question, let her answer it. Did you deliberately hurt Miss Richison?"

There was something so tender in his tone that jealous anger rose in me.

"I really don't know," I said.

"What sort of answer is that, Kate?" he asked sternly.

I couldn't reply. I knew quite well I hadn't hit that beautiful, guileful face. I remembered with guilt that I had wanted to. But I hadn't. Yet the Chief's tone, his tender look towards her, his protectiveness made me stubbornly, wretchedly, unwilling to argue my case to him.

The Chief stared at me fixedly for a moment. Then he said in a level tone of voice, "Well, I'm not waiting here all day for you to open your mouth. In that case, apologise to Miss Richison. And don't let me ever have to reprimand you about a similar thing again."

He gave me a little push towards the other girl.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you, Miss Richison," I said, scarlet in the face.

"So am I. And there is no if about it."

She slipped her hand through Mark Templar's arm. "If I had my way, I'd give that young lady a taste of her own medicine," she said.

Just for a moment, Mark Templar looked at me with a strange, speculative stare. Then, happily, the captain made his appearance. Our little masthead court was over.

I escaped down below. I didn't even wait to collect my unwanted prize.

NEXT EVENING, Elaine was full of the latest rumour. "The cabin passengers are clubbing together to buy you a pair of boxing gloves," she said, "so that you can do a proper job next time."

Elaine and I were in the duty room having a cup of coffee as I began my night's

Continued overleaf

ILLUSTRATED BY BERT SHERMAN



DAYS OF THE DOLPHIN

Continued

Tender Loving Care duty for the children. It was a starlit night. *Cressida* was steaming quite close to the coast, and the mountains of Sicily were like giant black tents against the less intense darkness of the sky.

"They don't like the Richison woman one little bit up at the sharp end. She's selfish and aggressive. Even in the after-dinner quizzes, she gets upset if she doesn't win."

"It beats me what the Chief sees in her," I said feelingly, and brought out my bag of mending. I picked up a card of shirt buttons and regarded them mournfully, remembering the white button from the Chief's shirt front that had got caught in my hair at the Cruiseaway Ball. I still had that button.

"Love is blind, deaf and horribly dumb." Elaine got up and stretched. "That's why I have no time for it."

"Is he supposed to be in love with her?" I threaded a needle, or rather attempted to. My hand shook. It took me a long time.

"So my archaeologists say. Men usually recognise it in a man." She walked towards the door. "Well, I'm off to bed. Have a peaceful night. Oh, and by the way, you didn't hurt Drusilla Richison's eye. She banged it on her cupboard door when she hauled it open to get changed. She was in a fearful state. Barney told me. He was there. I thought that would salve your conscience."

But it wasn't my conscience that was troubling me, I reflected.

At least, only a little. I was shocked at myself for feeling resentment of the Chief's obvious admiration for Miss Richison. And I was alarmed at how much I minded his equally obvious low opinion of me.

The T.L.C. duties, when all was quiet, were the times when one seemed to come face to face with oneself, as it were. As my needle plied in and out of a torn pillowcase, I wondered if the Chief would marry Drusilla Richison, and if he thought I was still in love with Tim. Or if, indeed, he ever had the time to think about me at all.

At ten-thirty, I did my round of the dormitories, made sure that everyone was in their bunks and that all the lights were out. Not a giggle, nor a sniff, nor a sneeze disturbed the quiet. I returned to the little duty room, and my troublesome thoughts.

I had just started on my second pillowcase when a knock sounded on the door. For some reason, I thought it might be Tim, and I was marshalling in my mind some good reason for getting rid of him, when the knock sounded again.

I put aside my sewing. "Come in."

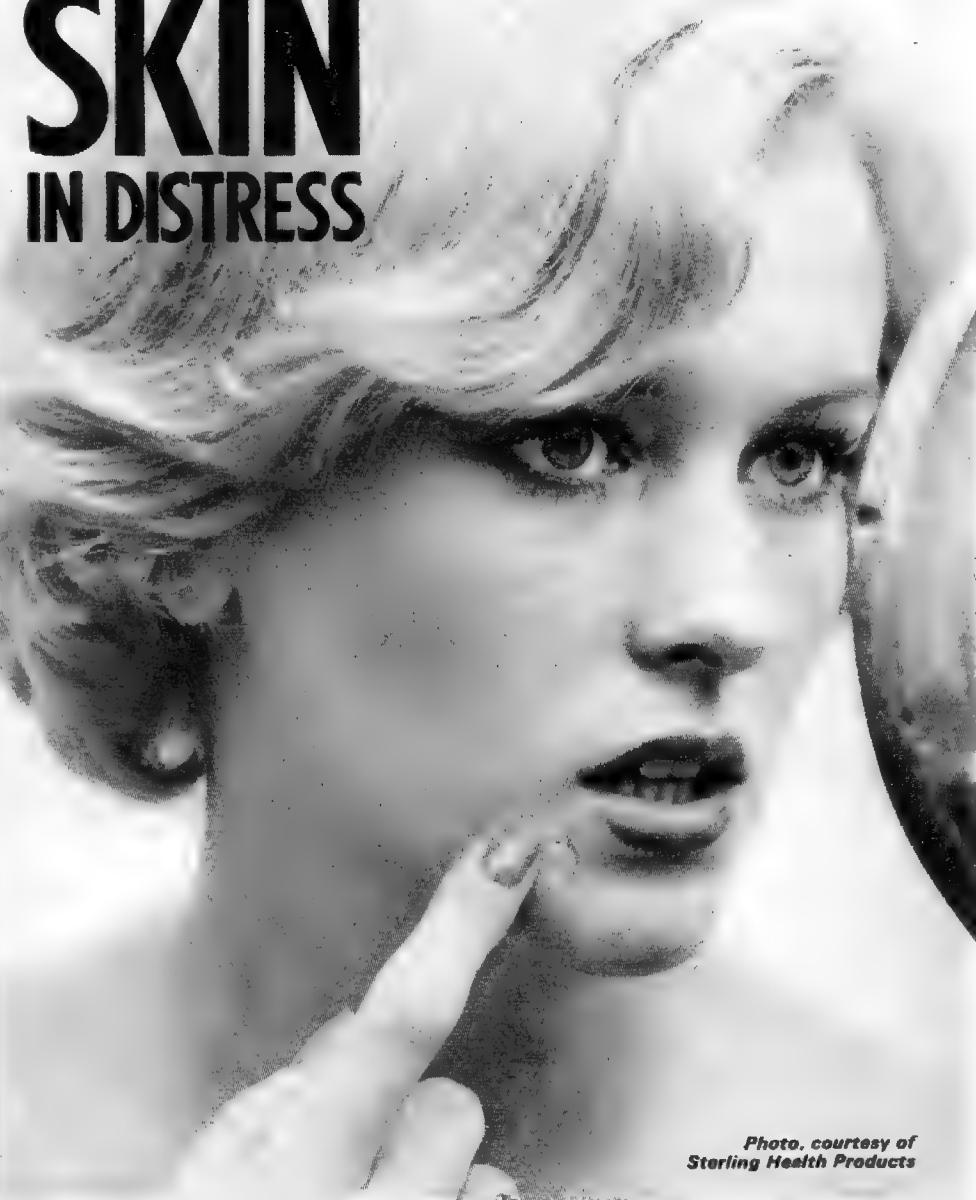
The door opened slowly. I lowered my glance to a rumpled head which cautiously peered round. "Please, Kate. I can't sleep," a plaintive voice from one of the occupants of *Bronie* dormitory told me.

I beckoned her in, pulled out a chair and offered her a cup of hot milk from my flask. She settled herself down, told me she wasn't used to going to bed this early and that she couldn't sleep for the noise of the engines. All the time we talked she kept glancing at the ship's clock behind my head. After almost exactly twenty minutes, she got up, said that she felt sleepy, and left.

Scarcely had the door closed behind her, and hardly had I time to pick up my pen to make an entry in the duty log when another knock sounded. This time a slightly older girl, her hair bulging with curlers, came in. She'd stayed out too long sunbathing, she said, and her shoulders were

Continued on facing page

SKIN IN DISTRESS



Photo, courtesy of
Sterling Health Products

Acne, the scourge of adolescence—is there anything one can do to help clear it up? Jane Matera reports

A NYONE who develops a bad case of acne must have the sympathy of everyone; quite the unkindest thing about it, too, is its cruel timing—although it can occur in early childhood, or much later in life, in one's thirties, acne strikes most typically in adolescence, just when one is at one's most self-conscious and vulnerable.

What causes it? No one is sure, and therein lies the problem of treatment. Certainly, the glandular changes that take place at puberty would seem to be one, maybe the most important factor. If you're one of the unlucky ones with an overactive sebaceous gland, excess oil is poured onto your skin; if this oil is not cleared away by regular scrupulous cleansing, it can

block the pores of the skin and eventually cause blackheads and infected spots.

Why some people should have a hyperactive sebaceous gland and others remain relatively untroubled is not known—possibly there's a hereditary factor at work; possibly, too, acne is stress-related and hits the emotional, worrying type of girl or boy more fiercely. Probably it's a combination of these and several other factors.

What should you do, then, if you've developed acne?

If it's a really severe case, do go along and see your doctor: he has many medicines at his disposal that may help considerably, and he can also, if you wish, make an appointment for you to see a dermatologist.

Here are some other very basic points:

● SCRUPULOUS CLEANSING—it can't be stressed too often. It's important to cleanse your face thoroughly at least twice a day, morning and evening, three times if you can manage it. What to use? There's a variety of products on the market, and among the most helpful are those that have a double action in that they contain a peeling agent to help rid your skin of the dead infected cells on its surface and a blotting agent to mop up excess oil.

Apply a good cleansing milk or lotion specifically for greasy, acne-prone skin on a pad of clean cotton wool, and then tissue it off. Repeat, and then wash your face thoroughly with a medicated soap, or cleansing bar for acne. Or you can, if you like, use a liquefying cleanser, in which case, you splash your face with a little tepid water, squeeze the cleanser on to your hand and then gently massage it into a lather on your face before rinsing it off.

Suggested products: Innoxa 41 Complexion Milk and Innoxa 41 Skin Shampoo (a liquefying cleanser); Face Savers Skin Conditioning Face Wash (liquefying); Acneaveen Cleansing Bar for Acne (your chemist can order this, or you can obtain it by post from Harrods). Rose Laird's Liquid Lather is another good product—apply it over the problem areas of your skin and allow to dry, then moisten a complexion brush and swish it briskly over your face before rinsing with clear, tepid water.

After cleansing, tone your skin with a toner or a *mild* astringent (don't use very harsh products on your poor skin) and then dab a little medicated healing cream on the spotty areas. Suggested products: Innoxa Solution 41 (astringent) and Innoxa 41 Anti-Acne Cream; Face Savers Cream Medication; Helena Rubinstein's Bio-Clear Pore Lotion and Bio-Clear Clearing Cream; Clearasil.

Medicated face masks, used once or twice a week, are a useful adjunct to skin care for the acne prone. Try Yeast-Pac Acne Treatment; Cyclax Medicated Mask; Rimmeil's Herbal Face Mask; Helena Rubinstein's Bio-Clear Brush-On Peel-Off Mask.

● PEELING TREATMENTS: These are methods that can be used to speed the removal of infected skin cells from the horny layer of the epidermis (topmost layer of the skin) and leave you with the fresh new layer of skin underneath. *Sunbathing* in moderation is often recommended by doctors for their patients with acne. You could also try a *peeling lotion* (available for home use at many beauty salons).

Or you could have a course of peeling treatments at a beauty salon: one, for example, is the Revita treatment for acne, using the Revita Peeling Mask and the Revita Acnex Ampoule—a complex of natural acids that help work against inflammation and infection. Obviously, the number of treatments you'd need to see any real improvement in the condition of your skin will depend on how bad your acne was to start with.

It must be stressed here that any such

treatments take time: distrust anything that promises you overnight miracles.

Details of salons offering Revita treatments, and products available by mail order for home use, from Mrs. Peet, Schwarzenberg House, 142 Selbourne Ave., New Haw, Weybridge, Surrey (please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope).

Incidentally, many people are confused about the difference between epidermabrasion and dermabrasion. *Epidermabrasion* (the method of removing dead skin cells from the topmost layer of the skin—the epidermis—described above) can be valuable for most skin types. *Dermabrasion*, which involves the peeling of the outer skin layer, the dermis, (often with mechanical discs that abrade the skin) is quite a different, more serious matter—a job for the plastic surgeon, in fact, who must be approached through your doctor.

● DIET: While no-one's proved a direct correlation between eating certain foods and developing acne, certain guidelines can be laid down. It's thought that *chocolate* is an irritant, also foods containing *iodine*—shellfish and salt water fish. Avoid, too, all rich or fried or starchy foods, coffee, cola drinks, sweets in general, smoked meat and fish and pork.

Try to eat a generally healthy, balanced diet, including lots of salads, and fresh fruit and vegetables.

● HAIR: a greasy, acne-prone skin condition often goes with greasy and possibly dandruff-prone hair. It's important to wash your hair as often as it needs it if your hair is, indeed, greasy, and to keep dandruff in check with a good medicated shampoo, as both greasy hair and dandruff, if left untreated, can affect your skin.

It would be a good idea, too, to choose a hair style that clears your collar and keeps your hair away from your face.

● MAKE-UP: Use a medicated make-up while your skin's in distress; it will help heal your skin while covering up the worst of the damage. Suggestions: Helena Rubinstein's Bio Coverfluid; Innoxa 41 Foundation; Boots 17 Take Cover.

● Try to keep your fingers away from your face, and don't ever pick at your skin—you may simply spread the infection.

● Keep everything that comes into contact with your skin or hair scrupulously clean: use fresh cotton wool, not cosmetic sponges or powder puffs or brushes to apply make-up; wash brushes and combs every day; keep a clean towel for use only on your face; always wash your hands first before washing your face.

● Get lots of rest and fresh air and look after your health generally; acne seems to be stress-related and often seems worse when you're run-down in health.

● Try not to despair! With a bit of luck, a bit of patience and adherence to the general rules outlined above, your skin will clear up in time. Try not to worry about it too much, if that's not asking the impossible.

DAYS OF THE DOLPHIN

Continued from facing page

painful. I examined the burned area which looked only slightly red to me, unlocked the medicine cupboard and smoothed on some special cream. She seemed ill-disposed to go. She chattered on and on about the cruise and her home.

So I let her. Our training told us that when children were homesick they often came to you about something quite different. Frequently a headache, or a toothache, or sunburn simply meant they missed their mums.

AFTER ABOUT twenty minutes the therapy worked. Up she got, yawned, said her shoulders felt 'whizzo' now and bade me good night.

"Leave the door open," I said. "By the time I've entered you in my log, I'll be due on my next round."

But I was forestalled. In through the open door, this time from *Sand*, came two girls, the taller one supporting the smaller, who held a red-stained hankie to her face.

"Nose bleed," the taller one announced. "Can I take her over to the couch?"

With halting steps more appropriate to a war casualty, they tottered over to the medical couch. Slowly the victim stretched herself out, while the friend hovered.

"Do you think we should get the ship's surgeon? Don't you think she looks ashen?"

"No, I don't." A warning light was beginning to flash in my brain. "Let me have a look at you."

I took the pencil torch out of my breast pocket of my uniform dress. The suspicion was taking root that the ominous red stain looked astonishingly like red ink, and I was just opening my mouth to say so when Tim burst in.

"Kate! There's some tomfoolery going on in one of your dormitories. Tracy Naunton-Brown's trying to throw some silly party."

Magically healed by Tim's arrival, the victim leapt off the couch and swiftly followed her friend out of the duty room.

"They've been purposely keeping you out of the way. It's all a try-on." He took my hand as we hurried down the corridor. "They invited my boys. But thank heaven, the lads wouldn't go. They tipped me off."

All kinds of apprehensions flitted through my mind as I dashed ahead of him to *Sand*. I didn't honestly know what I expected after all their elaborate preparations.

I found the lights on and Tracy with four or five of her friends dressed in jeans. There was a stack of crisps on one of the lockers and some cans of fizzy drinks. A radiogram was at the ready, but not yet playing. A big hand-made poster over the mirrors welcomed us to *The Swinging Sand Night Club*.

But of male guests there were none. Nor of anything to live up to the promise of the poster.

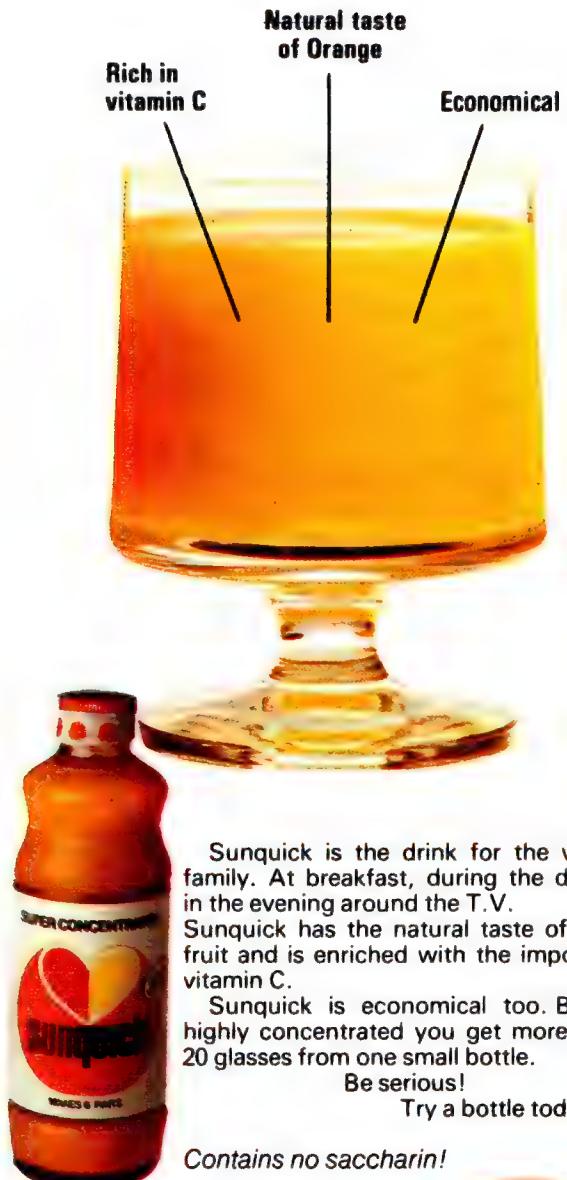
The girls' faces brightened briefly as the door opened, then fell swiftly when they saw us. "Oh, curse!" Tracy wailed. "It's a washout, girls. The boys have ratted on us. Squealed!"

"I'll leave you to deal with them," Tim said. "I'll wait for you in the duty room. If you want help, you know where to find me."

But I didn't. I hadn't been an assistant matron for a year, or a schoolteacher for that matter, without expecting some outbreak of corporate naughtiness. I read them all a sharp lecture. I told them I would

Continued overleaf

For serious drinkers



Sunquick The family drink

Sunquick is available in
orange, tangerine, lemon, grapefruit and apple

Real
in taste.
Rich in
vitamin C

DAYS OF THE DOLPHIN *Continued*

report them to Miss Skeffington, their class leader, who would take her own measures. Meanwhile, I deducted ten marks from their dormitory score.

Then I closed the door behind me with a sigh of relief, and returned to the duty room.

"I sent for some coffee," Tim said. "I thought we deserved it."

"Thanks, Tim." I sat down and took the cup he handed me. "And not just for the coffee."

"Pleasure. I think I owe you the odd favour."

I shook my head.

"Oh, and by the way, Kate, I answered your phone for you."

"Anything important?"

"He said it was nothing that couldn't wait."

"He?"

"The chief officer."

"Oh."

Tim eyed me over the rim of his coffee cup. "What I thought might be important—" Tim put his cup down carefully in the saucer—"was that the Chief seemed none too pleased at finding me here."

THE FOLLOWING evening I found out that Tim was right . . .

"So you had a spot of bother last night, Kate?"

The deep voice behind me was familiar, but the tone somehow was not. It was almost dusk, and I had been picking up quoits from the students' sports deck.

Now I straightened and flushed guiltily. I nodded wordlessly, looking up at the Chief. His brilliant blue eyes were fixed intently on my face. A rather baffling smile parted his lips.

I felt my heart begin to race, my mouth to dry. Symptoms of fear, I told myself. It had to be fear. At least with fear you could try to be brave. But with anything else, there was no defence.

"A spot of bother." The Chief bent to pick up the last forgotten quat and handed it to me with a little bow. "That's what I heard from your . . ." He paused for the right word, and for some unknown reason I wanted him to call Tim my X, as he had done before in that censorious manner of his, but he didn't. ". . . your friend," he said at last.

"Yes," I paused. "Did you want me for something special when you phoned?"

"No. Just to check up on drinks vouchers. It was OK. I saw Matron."

I felt oddly disappointed. I said nothing.

"I hope you sorted the trouble out?"

"I did." I laughed nervously. "I awarded punishments right and left." I crossed the fingers of my free hand.

Shaking his head reproachfully, Mark Templar put his large hand over mine. He captured it and held it up. "Thought so. Fingers crossed. You didn't hand out any punishment, did you, Kate?"

"I deducted ten marks," I said. Despite my nervousness, I smiled at his expression.

"Such severity! You'll be using the cat o' nine tails next!"

He still had hold of my hand. It seemed to me then that a moment of absolute sweetness passed between us. But it was only my imagination.

"Trying to have a late-night party, were they?" he said equably, like a man who had seen it all before. "Kicking against the early nights?"

"They think they're too old to be tucked up at that hour."

"And what was your friend doing in your duty room at that time of night?" He dropped my hand as if he suddenly realised he still had hold of the wretched thing.

The ship was steaming close inshore. A cool wind was blowing seawards off the North African desert, and my abandoned hand felt horribly cold.

"He came to warn me."

"Very right and proper." The blue eyes narrowed. "But then he stayed."

"There's no reason why he shouldn't, is there?" I said, feeling absurdly angry.

"There's no rule against it, no. But as for reason, personal reason, you should know that better than I."

And with that, he stalked off and left me.

A SHARP Mediterranean storm blew up that night, and a strong sea ran all the next day. Happily, by then our students had become good sailors. But it delayed our entry into Alexandria harbour. A message had been flashed from Port Control in Alexandria that all shipping must await suitable weather.

Continued on page 43

KNITTING & CROCHET FOR THE TINIES

A fabulous cavalcade of exciting new knitting and crochet patterns in pull-out form, has been specially designed with the up to three-years-old in mind

Snow White is the only colour in this super wool.



SITTING PRETTY

Doesn't she look adorable in her delicate sweater in garter stitch with pretty patterned detailing? Knitted in a soft baby wool, it's just as beautiful to wear as it is to look at

Instructions in 2 sizes

MATERIALS: Allow the following quantities in 25 g balls of Patons Baby Wool 2-ply: 5 for 51 cm size; 6 for 56 cm size. For either size: a pair of No. 11 (3 mm) knitting needles; a size 3.00 crochet hook; 2 small buttons.

TENSION: Work at a tension of 33 stitches and 56 rows to measure 10 × 10 cm, over the garter stitch, using 2 strands of yarn together and No. 11 (3 mm) needles, to obtain the measurements given on the right.

ABBREVIATIONS: To be read before working: *k.*, knit plain; *p.*, purl; *st.*, stitch; *tog.*, together; *sl.*, slip; *p.s.s.o.*, pass the slipped st. over; *y.fwd.*, yarn forward to make a st.; *inc.*, increase (by working twice

into same st.); *dec.*, decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); 7 from 1, make 7 sts. from 1 (*k. 1, y.fwd., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 1 all into front of next st.*); *g.st.*, garter st. (*k. plain on every row*); *s.k.p.o.*, *sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.*

NOTE: The instructions are given for the 51 cm (20 inch) size. Where they vary, work the figures within the brackets for the 56 cm (22 inch) size.

Continued on page 34

MEASUREMENTS in centimetres (and inches, in brackets)

To fit chest size	51 (20)	56 (22)
Side seam	13.5 (5½)	14.5 (5¾)
Length	28 (11)	29.5 (11½)
Sleeve seam	19.5 (7½)	21.5 (8½)

STRIPES ALL THE WAY

This trendy overtop in bright stripes is simple to knit in stocking stitch for a boy or girl

Instructions in 3 sizes

MATERIALS: Allow the following quantities in 25 g balls of Hayfield Gaylon Double Knitting: 4 red, 3 white for 51 cm size; 4 red, 4 white for 56 cm size; 5 red, 4 white for 61 cm size. For any one size: a pair each of No. 8 (4 mm) and No. 10 (3½ mm) knitting needles.

TENSION: Work at a tension of 22 stitches and 30 rows to measure 10 × 10 cm over the stocking stitch, using No. 8 (4 mm) needles to obtain the measurements given right.

A JACKET WITH ZIP

Zip-up jacket for boys and girls is enhanced by a fancy panel design

Instructions in 4 sizes

MATERIALS: Allow the following quantities in 25 g balls of Templetons H & O Shetland Fleece; 5 for 56 cm size; 6 for 61 cm size; 7 for 66 cm size; 8 for 71 cm size. For any one size or garment: a pair each of No. 10 (3½ mm) and No. 12 (2½ mm) knitting needles; an open end slide fastener of appropriate length.

TENSION: Work at a tension of 27 stitches and 36 rows to measure 10 × 10 cm, over the stocking stitch, using No. 10 (3½ mm) needles, to obtain measurements on right.

ABBREVIATIONS: To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); k. or p. 2 tog.b., k. or p. 2 tog. through back of loops; tw. 2 rt., twist 2 right (k. into front of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then k. into front of 1st st. and slip both sts. off needle); tw. 2 lt., twist 2 left (k. into back of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then k. into front of 1st st. and slip both sts. off needle); sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass the slipped st. over; nul, meaning nothing is worked for this size; s.s., stocking st. (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); single rib is k. 1 and p. 1 alternately.

NOTE: The instructions are given for the 56 cm (22 inch) size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 61 cm (24 inch) size, and so on.

ABBREVIATIONS: To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; s.s., stocking stitch (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); g.st., garter stitch (k. plain on every row); r., red; w., white.

NOTE: The instructions are given for the 51 cm (20 inch) size. Where they vary work the figures within the first brackets for the 56 cm (22 inch) size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 61 cm (24 inch) size.

MEASUREMENTS	in centimetres (and inches, in brackets)		
	51 (20)	56 (22)	61 (24)
All round at underarms	56 (22)	62 (24)	67 (26)
Side seam	18.5 (7½)	20 (7½)	21.5 (8½)
Length	30.5 (12)	33 (13)	36 (14)
Sleeve seam with cuff turned back	12 (4)	16 (6)	20 (7½)

THE BACK AND FRONT ALIKE: With No. 10 (3½ mm) needles and r., cast on 62 (68) (74) sts. and beginning with a k. row, s.s. 7 rows.

Next row: All k. to mark hem line.

Change to No. 8 (4 mm) needles and working in s.s. beginning with a k. row, work in the following stripe sequence of 4 rows w., 4 rows r.

THE JACKET

THE BACK AND FRONTS (worked in one piece to armholes): With No. 12 (2½ mm) needles, cast on 159 (175) (191) (207) sts. and work 12 (12) (16) (16) rows in single rib, beginning odd-numbered rows with k. 1 and even-numbered rows with p. 1, and increasing 1 st. in the centre of the 1st row—160 (176) (192) (208) sts.

Change to No. 10 (3½ mm) needles.

1st row: K. 1, * p. 2, tw. 2 rt., tw. 2 lt., p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, tw. 2 rt., tw. 2 lt., p. 2 *, k. until 21 sts. remain, repeat from * to * once, k. 1.

2nd and every alternate row: K. 3, p. 4, * k. 2, p. 4, k. 2, p. 4, k. 2 *, p. until 21 sts. remain, repeat from * to * once, p. 4, k. 3.

3rd row: K. 1, * p. 2, tw. 2 lt., tw. 2 rt., p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, tw. 2 lt., tw. 2 rt., p. 2 *, k. until 21 sts. remain, repeat from * to * once, k. 1.

5th row: K. 1, * p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, tw. 2 rt., tw. 2 lt., p. 2, k. 4, p. 2 *, k. until 21 sts. remain, repeat from * to * once, k. 1.

7th row: K. 1, * p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, tw. 2 lt., tw. 2 rt., p. 2, k. 4, p. 2 *, k. until 21 sts. remain, repeat from * to * once, k. 1.

8th row: As 2nd row. These 8 rows form the pattern. Pattern 36 (50) (62) (76) rows.

To divide sts. for back and fronts: Next row: Pattern 38 (41) (44) (47) and leave these sts. on a spare needle for the right front, cast off 4 (6) (8) (10), k. a further 75 (81) (87) (93) and leave these 76 (82) (88) (94) sts. on a spare needle for back, cast off 4 (6) (8) (10), pattern to end, and work on these 38 (41) (44) (47) sts. for the left front.

MEASUREMENTS	in centimetres (and inches, in brackets)			
	56 (22)	61 (24)	66 (26)	71 (28)
JACKET				
All round at underarms	56.5 (22½)	62.5 (24½)	68.5 (27)	74.5 (29)
Length at underarms	15.5 (6)	19.5 (7½)	24 (9½)	28 (11)
Length at back neck	27.5 (10½)	33 (13)	38.5 (15½)	43.5 (17)
Sleeve seam	18.5 (7½)	22.5 (8½)	26 (10½)	30 (11½)

These 8 rows form the pattern and are repeated throughout, work a further 48 (52) (56) rows in pattern, ending with a r. (w.) (r.) stripe—mark each end of this row to denote end of side seam.

Pattern a further 28 (32) (36) rows. Break off w. Continue with r., only.

Change to No. 10 (3½ mm) needles and k. 2 rows with r.

To slope the shoulders: Working in g.st., cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows, then cast off 2 (3) (4) sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

Cast off remaining 40 (44) (48) sts.

THE SLEEVES (both alike): With No. 8 (4 mm) needles and w. (r.) (w.) cast on 43 (52) (61) sts. and beginning with a k. row and working in s.s., work in stripe sequence as follows: 4 rows w., 4 rows r. (4 rows r., 4 rows w.) (4 rows w., 4 rows r.).

These 8 rows form the pattern, pattern a further 52 (60) (68) rows.

Cast off in w. (r.) (w.).

TO MAKE UP THE SWEATER: Press on the wrong side with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Set in sleeves between markers on back and front matching stripes. Join sleeve and side seams. Turn up lower edge of back and front at hem line, and turn under 4 cm (1½ inches) of sleeves. Catch in place. Turn back 3 cm (1½ inches) of sleeves.

The left front: Next row: Maintaining continuity of the pattern, work to end.

To shape the fully-fashioned raglan armhole: 1st dec. row: K. 2, k. 2 tog.b., pattern to end.

2nd dec. row: Pattern until 4 sts. remain, p. 2 tog.b., p. 2.

Repeat these 2 rows, 3 (2) (2) (2) times—30 (35) (38) (41) sts.

Next row: As 1st dec. row.

Pattern 1 row.

Repeat the last 2 rows, 10 (14) (16) (18) times, then work the dec. row again—18 (19) (20) (21) sts.

To shape the neck: Next row: Cast off 7 (8) (9) (10) sts., pattern to end—11 sts.

Continue to dec. at armhole edge on every right-side row as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each of the next 4 rows—5 sts.

Next row: K. 2, k. 2 tog.b., k. 1—4 sts.

Next row: P. 2 tog., p. 2.

Next row: K. 1, k. 2 tog.b., turn, p. 2 tog. and fasten off.

The back: With wrong side of work facing, rejoin yarn to 76 (82) (88) (94) sts. on spare needle and p. to end of row.

To shape the fully-fashioned raglan armholes: 1st dec. row: K. 2, k. 2 tog.b., k. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog., k. 2.

2nd dec. row: P. 2, p. 2 tog., p. until 4 sts. remain, p. 2 tog.b., p. 2.

Repeat these 2 rows, 3 (2) (2) (2) times—60 (70) (76) (82) sts.

Next row: Repeat 1st dec. row.

Next row: P. to end.

Repeat the last 2 rows, 15 (19) (21) (23) times.

Cast off the remaining 28 (30) (32) (34) sts.



There's a marvellous selection of colour choices for both garments—for the zip-up try scarlet; turquoise; peach and honey gold, and for the striped sweater a combination of princess blue/white; jade/peacock green; pink/white or chrysanthemum/rust.

Skittles from a selection at Mothercare.

The right front: With wrong side of work facing, rejoin yarn to 38 (41) (44) (47) sts. on spare needle and, maintaining continuity of the pattern, work to end.

To shape the fully-fashioned raglan arm-hole: 1st dec. row: Pattern until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog., k. 2.

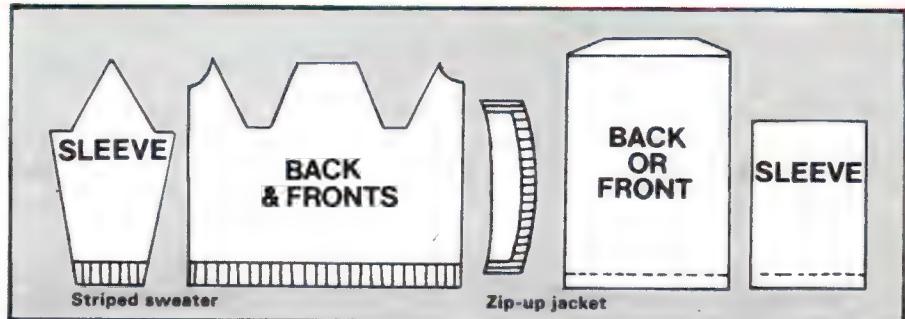
2nd dec. row: P. 2, p. 2 tog., pattern to end.

Repeat these 2 rows, 3 (2) (2) (2) times—30 (35) (38) (41) sts.

Next row: As 1st dec. row.

Pattern 1 row.

Continued overleaf



A JACKET WITH ZIP

Jacket: continued

Repeat the last 2 rows, 10 (14) (16) (18) times—19 (20) (21) (22) sts.

To shape the neck: Next row: Cast off 7 (8) (9) (10) sts., pattern until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog., k. 2—11 sts.

Continuing to dec. at armhole edge on every row as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each of the next 5 rows—4 sts.

Next row: K. 2 tog., k. 2—3 sts.

Next row: P. 1, p. 2 tog.

Next row: K. 2, turn, then p. 2 tog. and fasten off.

THE SLEEVES (both alike): With No. 12 (2½ mm) needles cast on 38 (40) (42) (44) sts. and work 12 (12) (16) (16) rows in single rib, increasing 1 st. at each end of the last row—40 (42) (44) (46) sts.

Change to No. 10 (3½ mm) needles and, beginning with a k. row, work in s.s. increasing 1 st. at each end of every 6th (7th) (7th) (7th) row until 8 (9) (10) (12) inc. rows have been worked in all—56 (60) (64) (70) sts.

S.s. 6 (5) (8) (8) rows straight.

To shape the fully-fashioned raglan sleeve top: 1st and 2nd rows: Cast off 3 (4) (5) (6) sts., work to end—50 (52) (54) (58) sts.

3rd row: K. 2, k. 2 tog.b., k. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog., k. 2.

4th row: P. 2, p. 2 tog., p. until 4 sts. remain, p. 2 tog.b., p. 2.

Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows—3 (1) (nil) (nil) time(s)—34 (44) (50) (54) sts.

Next row: Repeat the 3rd row.

Next row: P. to end.

Repeat the last 2 rows, 13 (18) (21) (23) times—6 sts.

Next row: K. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 2—5 sts.

Next row: P. to end.

Next row: K. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

Next row: P. 4, then cast off.

THE COLLAR: With No. 12 (2½ mm) needles cast on 103 (103) (115) (115) sts. and work 5 rows in single rib as given on back and fronts.

Next row: Rib 5, then slip these sts. on a safety-pin, rib 46, inc. 1, rib to end.

Break yarn, slip the first 5 sts. on to a safety-pin, change to No. 10 (3½ mm) needles, then rejoin yarn to next st. and, on these 94 (94) (106) (106) sts., work as follows:

1st row: K. 1, * p. 2, tw. 2 rt., tw. 2 lt., p. 2, k. 4; repeat from * until 9 sts. remain, p. 2, tw. 2 rt., tw. 2 lt., p. 2, k. 1.

2nd row: K. 3, * p. 4, k. 2; repeat from * until 1 st. remains, k. 1 more.

These 2 rows set the pattern for the collar, continue in pattern as given for front panels for a further 11 (11) (15) (15) rows.

Next (dec.) row: K. 1, p. 1, * k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog.b.; repeat from * until 2 sts. remain, p. 1, k. 1.

Cast off the remaining 64 (64) (72) (72) sts.

Slip the 5 sts. from safety-pin on to a No. 12 (2½ mm) needle then with right side of work facing, rejoin yarn and rib 12 (12) (16) (16) rows.

Cast off.

Work the other side of collar to match.

TO MAKE UP THE JACKET: Press lightly with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Join raglan seams, then sleeve and side seams. Neatly join ribbed edges to collar, then beginning and ending at front edges, sew cast-off edge of collar to neck edge. Insert slide fastener. Press seams.

EVERYONE'S FAVOURITE

Mothers with lively toddlers will welcome this stylish outfit with its continental look. The three-colour striped rib sweater and dashing tank top look equally good worn together or separately. **Instructions in 2 sizes**

MATERIALS: THE SWEATER: Allow the following quantities in 25 g balls of Hayfield Gaylon 4-ply: 3 main colour and 2 each in red and white for either size; a pair each of No. 10 (3½ mm), No. 11 (3 mm) and No. 12 (2½ mm) knitting needles.

THE TANK TOP: 3 main colour and 1 each in red and white for either size; a pair each of No. 12 (2½ mm) and No. 10 (3½ mm) knitting needles.

TENSION: Work at a tension of 33 stitches and 38 rows to measure 10 × 10 cm over the rib and 28 stitches and 35 rows to measure 10 × 10 cm, over the stocking stitch, using No. 10 (3½ mm) needles, to obtain the measurements given on facing page.

ABBREVIATIONS: To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); single rib is k. 1 and p. 1 alternately; up 1, pick up the thread lying between the needles and k. into back of it, thus making a st.; s.s., stocking st. (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); sl., slip; nil, meaning nothing is worked for this size; d.c., double crochet; m., main colour; w., white; r., red.

NOTE: The instructions are given for the 51 cm (20 inch) size. Where they vary, work the figures within the brackets for the 56 cm (22 inch) size.

THE SWEATER

THE BACK: With No. 11 (3 mm) needles and m. cast on 84 (88) sts. and work 14 rows in single rib.

Change to No. 10 (3½ mm) needles and, joining in and breaking off colours as required, work in the following striped sequence of 4 rows r., 2 rows m., 4 rows w., and 2 rows m.

Repeat the last 12 rows, twice, then the 1st 8 rows again (3 times, then the 1st 4 rows again).

To shape the raglan armholes: Maintaining continuity of the striped sequence, cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 20 (22) following alternate rows.

Work 1 row, then leave the remaining 30 sts. on a spare needle.

THE FRONT: Work as given for back until armhole shaping is reached.

To shape the raglan armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and the 14 following alternate rows—42 (46) sts.

Divide sts. for front neck: Rib 14 (16) and leave these sts. on spare needle for right front point, rib the next 14 and leave these



sts. on a stitch-holder for neck band, rib to end and work on these 14 (16) sts. for left front point.

The left front point: To shape the neck and continue shaping raglan: Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and the 5 following alternate rows, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge only on the following nil (2) alternate rows.

Take remaining 2 sts. tog. and fasten off.

The right front point: With right side of work facing, rejoin appropriate colour to inner end of sts. on spare needle, then work as given for left front point to end.

THE SLEEVES (both alike): With No. 12 (2½ mm) needles and m. cast on 46 (50) sts. and work 14 rows in single rib.

Change to No. 10 (3½ mm) needles and, working in the same striped sequence as given for back, inc. 1 st. at each end of the 1st row and every following 6th row until 7 (8) inc. rows have been completed—60 (66) sts.

Rib a further 7 (9) rows.

To shape the sleeve top: Work as given for armhole shaping on back when 6 (8) sts. will remain.

Leave sts. on a safety-pin.

THE NECK BAND: First set in right raglan sleeve, then join left sleeve to front only. With right side of work facing and using No. 12 (2½ mm) needles and m., k. across the 6 (8) sts. on safety-pin at top of left sleeve, pick up and k. 16 (20) sts. down left front neck edge, k. across the 14 sts. at centre front, pick up and k. 16 (20) sts. up right front neck edge, k. across 6 (8) sts. at top of right sleeve top and finally k. across the 30 sts. at back neck—88 (100) sts.

Work 20 rows in single rib. Cast off in rib.



French navy/red; red/white; emerald/damask/green; camel/burnt brown/rust or white/coral/sage are all attractive colours to choose.

To fit chest size	MEASUREMENTS		(and inches, in brackets)
	51 (20)	56 (22)	
RIBBED SWEATER			
Side seam	15·6 (6½)	17·5 (7)	
Length	27 (10½)	30·5 (12)	
Sleeve seam	15·5 (6½)	17·5 (7)	
TANK TOP			
All round at underarms	54·5 (21½)	60 (23½)	
Side seam, including armhole bands	17 (6½)	19·5 (7½)	
Length from top of shoulder	28·5 (11½)	32 (12½)	

The left back shoulder: With right side facing, rejoin m. to inner end of sts. on spare needle and work to end of row.

Work as right back shoulder to end.

THE FRONT: Work as given for back to **.

Continue with m. only, s.s. 23 (31) rows. Divide sts. for front neck: Next row: P. 31 (34) and leave these sts. on a spare needle for right half front, p. the next 14 (16) sts. and leave on a stitch-holder for neck band, p. to end and work on these 31 (34) sts. for left half front.

The left half front: To shape the neck: Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each of the next 2 rows—29 (32) sts.

To shape the armhole and continue shaping neck: Next row: Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next row and 3 sts. on the following alternate row, work 1 row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on each of the next 4 (5) rows and at the same time, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on the first 6 rows—12 (14) sts.

S.s. 32 (35) rows.

To slope the shoulder: Cast off 4 (5) sts. at the beginning of the next row and the following alternate row.

Work 1 row. Cast off remaining 4 sts.

The right half front: With right side of work facing, rejoin m. to inner end of sts. on spare needle. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each of the next 3 rows—28 (31) sts.

To shape the armhole and continue shaping neck: Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next row and 3 sts. on the following alternate row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on each of the next 4 (5) rows and, at the same time, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on the first 5 rows—12 (14) sts.

S.s. 33 (36) rows.

Cast off 4 (5) sts. at the beginning of the next row and the following alternate row.

Work 1 row. Cast off remaining 4 sts.

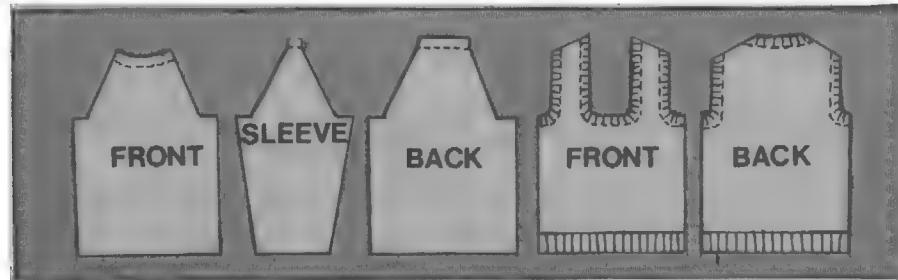
THE NECK BAND: First join right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing and using No. 12 (2½ mm) needles and m., pick up and k. 50 (54) sts. down left from neck edge, k. across the 14 (16) sts. on stitch-holder at centre front, pick up and k. 50 (54) sts. up right front neck edge, 6 sts. down right back neck edge, k. across 26 (28) sts. on stitch-holder, pick up and k. 6 sts. up left back neck edge—152 (164) sts.

Work 3 rows in single rib. Cast off in rib.

THE ARMOHOLE BANDS (both alike): Join left shoulder seam. With right side of work facing and using No. 12 (2½ mm) needles and m., pick up and k. 90 (98) sts all round armhole edge.

Work 3 rows in single rib. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP THE TANK TOP: Press as for sweater. Join side seams, including armhole bands.



TO MAKE UP THE SWEATER: Press work lightly on the wrong side, using a cool iron over a dry cloth. Join remaining raglan seams, continuing with a flat seam across neck band. Join sleeve and side seams. Fold neck band in half to wrong side and slip st. in place on the inside.

THE TANK TOP

THE BACK: With No. 12 (2½ mm) needles and m. cast on 76 (84) sts. and work 12 rows in single rib.

Change to No. 10 (3½ mm) needles.

Joining in and breaking off colours as required, work in s.s. in stripes of 4 rows m., 4 rows r., 2 rows m., 4 rows w., 2 rows m. and 4 rows r. Break off r. and w. **

Continuing with m. only, s.s. 26 (32) rows.

To shape the armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows, 3 sts. on each of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 4 (5) rows—54 (60) sts.

S.s. 31 (34) rows.

Divide sts. for back neck: Next row: P. 14 (16) and leave these sts. on a spare needle for left back shoulder, p. the next 26 (28) sts. and leave on a stitch-holder for neck band, then p. to end and work on remaining 14 (16) sts. for right back shoulder.

The right back shoulder: To shape the neck and slope the shoulder: 1st row: Cast off 4 (5) sts., work until 2 sts. remain, dec. 2nd row: Work to end.

3rd row: As 1st row.

4th row: As 2nd row.

Cast off remaining 4 sts.

CUDDLE UP CLOSE!

MATERIALS: Allow the following quantities in 50 g balls of Lister for Aran Knitting Designs: 13 for 61 cm size; 14 for 66 cm size; 15 for 71 cm size. For any one size: a size 4.00 crochet hook; 5 buttons.

TENSION: Work at a tension of 14 stitches and 16 rows to measure 10 x 10 cm, over the pattern, using size 4.00 crochet hook, to obtain the measurements given opposite.

ABBREVIATIONS: To be read before working: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; st., stitch; sl., slip; y.o.h., yarn over hook; lp., loop (insert hook into next st., y.o.h. and round first finger, y.o.h. and draw through 2 loops, y.o.h. and draw through all remaining loops); inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); dec., decrease (by working 1 d.c. in each of next 2 sts. leaving last loop of each on hook, y.o.h. and draw through all loops); nil, meaning nothing is worked for this size.

NOTE: The instructions are given for the 61 cm (24 inch) size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 66 cm (26 inch) size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 71 cm (28 inch) size.

THE BACK AND FRONTS (worked in one piece to armholes): With size 4.00 hook make 92 (99) (106) ch., turn.

Foundation row: 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch. to end, turn—91 (98) (105) d.c.

Work 1 row of d.c.

1st pattern row: 2 ch. for 1st d.c., 1 d.c. into each st. to end, turn.

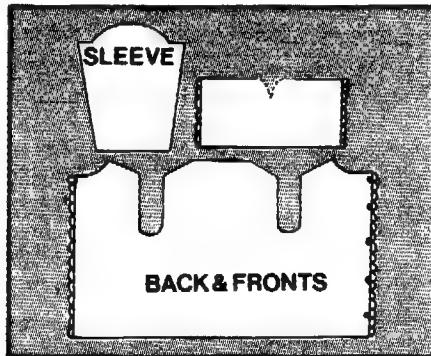
2nd pattern row: 2 ch. for d.c., 1 lp. into each d.c. to end, turn.

These 2 rows form the pattern; repeat them 18 (20) (22) times more.

To divide for back and fronts: Pattern across 19 (20) (21) sts., turn and work on these sts. for the right half front.

A cosy jacket to keep the cold at bay—crocheted in a loopy stitch, it has a snug hood and is ideal for the active toddler

Instructions in 3 sizes



The right half front: 1st row: 2 ch. for d.c., dec., pattern to end, turn.

Next row: Pattern to within 2 sts. from end, dec., turn.

Repeat the last 2 rows, once more—15 (16) (17) sts.

Pattern 13 (15) (17) rows straight.

To shape neck: 1st row: 2 ch. for d.c., dec., pattern to end, turn.

2nd row: Pattern to within 2 sts. of end, dec., turn.

3rd row: As 1st row—12 (13) (14) sts.

To slope shoulder: Sl.st. over 6 (6) (7) d.c., pattern to within 2 sts. of end, dec., fasten off.

The back: With right side of work facing, miss 6 (7) (8) sts. and rejoin yarn to next st., 2 ch. for 1st d.c., 1 d.c. into next 40 (43) (46) sts., turn—41 (44) (47) d.c.

Maintaining continuity of the pattern, dec. 1 st. at each end of next 4 rows—33 (36) (39) sts. Pattern 16 (18) (20) rows straight.

To slope shoulders: Sl.st. over 6 (6) (7) d.c., pattern 21 (24) (25) sts., fasten off.

The left half front: With right side of work facing, miss 6 (7) (8) sts. and rejoin yarn to next st., 2 ch. for d.c., pattern to end, turn—19 (20) (21) sts.

Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next 4 rows—15 (16) (17) sts.

Pattern 13 (15) (17) rows straight.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 3 rows—12 (13) (14) sts.

To slope shoulder: 2 ch. for d.c., dec., pattern until 6 (6) (7) sts. remain, fasten off.

THE SLEEVES (both alike): Using size 4.00 hook make 33 (35) (41) ch., and work foundation row as given on main part—32 (34) (40) d.c.

Work 1 row of d.c.

Beginning with 1st pattern row, work 5 (7) (7) rows straight, then inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 4 following 7th (7th) (8th) rows—42 (44) (50) d.c.

Work 6 (8) (8) rows straight.

To shape the sleeve top: 1st row: Sl.st. over 3 (3) (4) d.c., pattern until 3 (3) (4) sts. remain, turn—36 (38) (42) sts.

Work 1 row.

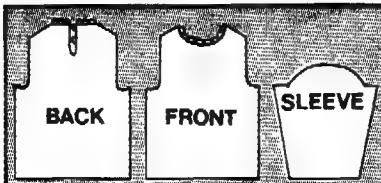
Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 4 rows—28 (30) (34) sts. Fasten off.

Join sleeve and shoulder seams, then set in sleeves.

THE BUTTONHOLE BAND: With right side of work facing, rejoin yarn to lower corner of right front and, using size 4.00 hook, make 2 ch., work 1 d.c. into each row end to beginning of neck shaping—58 (64) (70) d.c. Work 1 row of d.c.

Buttonhole row: 2 ch., 1 d.c. into each of next 4 (5) (6) d.c., * 2 ch., miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c. into each of next 10 (11) (12) d.c.; repeat from * 3 times, 2 ch., miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end, turn.

Work 2 rows of d.c. continuing last row with 4 d.c. along top end of band. Fasten off.



SITTING PRETTY

White sweater:
continued
from page 29

THE BACK: With No. 11 (3 mm) needles and 2 strands of yarn tog., cast on 91 (99) sts. and k. 6 (12) rows, placing markers between 29th and 30th (33rd and 34th) sts. from each end, leaving 33 sts. in centre for pattern panel. These markers are run up the knitting as you work.

1st pattern row: K. 29 (33), for panel k. 6, * 7 from 1, k. 9; repeat from * once, 7 from 1, k. 6, k. 29 (33).

2nd row: K. to marker, for panel k. 6, * p. 7, k. 9; repeat from * once, p. 7, k. 6, k. to end.

3rd row: K. to marker, k. 5, * k. 2 tog., k. 2, y.fwd., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 2, s.k.p.o., k. 7; repeat from * twice, ending last repeat with k. 5 instead of k. 7, k. to end.

4th row: K. to marker, k. 5, * p. 9, k. 7; repeat from * twice, but ending last repeat with k. 5 instead of k. 7, k. to end.

5th row: K. to marker, k. 4, * k. 2 tog., k. 3, y.fwd., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 3, s.k.p.o., k. 5; repeat from * twice, ending last repeat with k. 4, k. to end.

6th row: K. to marker, k. 4, * p. 11, k. 5; repeat from * twice, ending last repeat with k. 4, k. to end.

7th row: K. to marker, k. 3, * k. 2 tog., k. 4, y.fwd., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 4, s.k.p.o., k. 3; repeat from * twice, k. to end.

8th row: K. to marker, k. 3, * p. 13, k. 3; repeat from * twice, k. to end.

9th row: K. to marker, k. 6, * k. 3 tog., y.fwd., k. 1, y.fwd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 9; repeat from * twice, ending last repeat with k. 6, k. to end.

10th row: K. to marker, k. 3, * p. 4, k. 3; repeat from * 5 times, k. to end.

11th row: K. to marker, k. 4, * k. 3 tog., y.fwd., k. 3, y.fwd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 5; repeat from * twice, ending last repeat with k. 4, k. to end.

12th row: K. to marker, k. 3, * p. 2, k. 5, p. 2, k. 3; repeat from * twice, k. to end.

13th row: K. to marker, k. 2, * k. 3 tog., y.fwd., k. 5, y.fwd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1; repeat from * twice, k. 1 more, k. to end. **14th row:** K. to end.

15th row: K. to marker, k. 11, * 7 from 1, k. 9; repeat from * once, k. 2 more, k. to end.

16th row: K. to marker, k. 11, * p. 7, k. 9; repeat from * once, k. 2 more, k. to end.

17th row: K. to marker, k. 10, * k. 2 tog., k. 2, y.fwd., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 2, s.k.p.o., k. 7; repeat from * once, k. 3 more, k. to end.

18th row: K. to marker, k. 10, * p. 9, k. 7; repeat from * once, k. 3 more, k. to end.

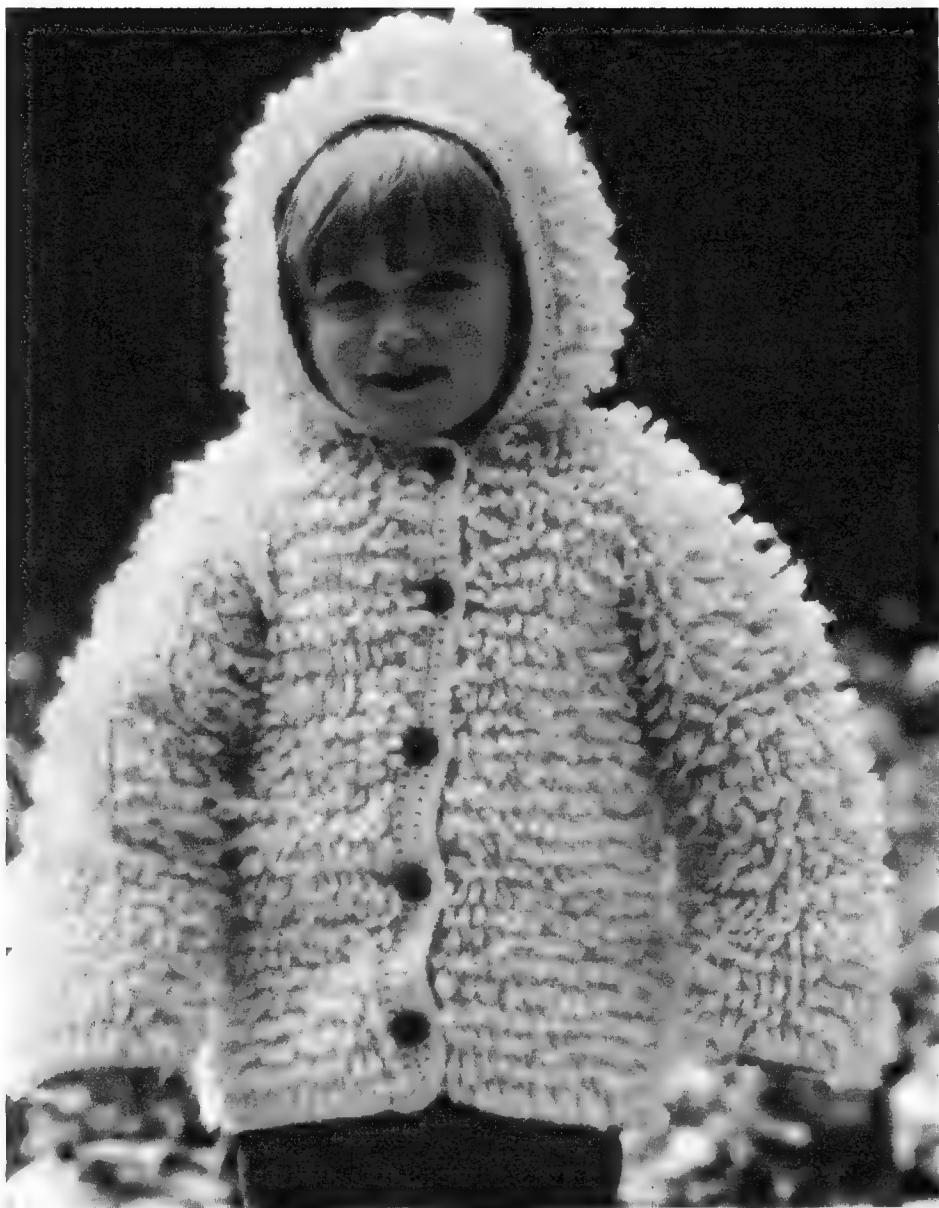
19th row: K. to marker, k. 9, * k. 2 tog., k. 3, y.fwd., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 3, s.k.p.o., k. 5; repeat from * once, k. 4 more, k. to end.

20th row: K. to marker, k. 9, * p. 11, k. 5; repeat from * once, k. 4 more, k. to end.

21st row: K. to marker, k. 8, * k. 2 tog., k. 4, y.fwd., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 4, s.k.p.o., k. 3; repeat from * once, k. 5 more, k. to end.

22nd row: K. to marker, k. 8, * p. 13, k. 3; repeat from * once, k. 5 more, k. to end.

23rd row: K. to marker, k. 11, * k. 3 tog., y.fwd., k. 1, y.fwd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 9; repeat from * once, k. 2 more, k. to end.



We chose Irish cream but there are lots of other glowing colours to choose from including emerald; harvest gold; bright red; Saxe blue and camel.

24th row: K. to marker, k. 8, * p. 4, k. 3; repeat from * 3 times, k. 5 more, k. to end.

25th row: K. to marker, k. 9, * k. 3 tog., y.fwd., k. 3, y.fwd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 5; repeat from * once, k. 4 more, k. to end.

26th row: K. to marker, k. 8, * p. 2, k. 5, p. 2, k. 3; repeat from * once, k. 5 more, k. to end.

27th row: K. to marker, k. 7, * k. 3 tog., y.fwd., k. 5, y.fwd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1; repeat from * once, k. 6 more, k. to end.

28th row: K. to end.

These 28 rows form the pattern; pattern a further 42 rows.

To shape the armholes: Keeping continuity of pattern, cast off 4 (5) sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the following 8 rows.

Pattern 32 rows—67 (73) sts.

Continue in g.st. only. **

K. 1 row.

To divide for back opening: Next row: K. 33 (36) and leave these sts. on spare needle for left back shoulder, cast off 1 st., k. to end and work on these 33 (36) sts. for right back shoulder.

The right back shoulder: K. 30 (34) rows—k. 31 (35) rows here when working left back shoulder.

To slope the shoulder: Cast off 6 (7) sts. at beginning of next row, then 6 sts. on following 2 alternate rows.

Work 1 row, then cast off 15 (17) sts.

The left back shoulder: With right side facing, rejoin yarns to inner end of remaining sts. and work as right back shoulder, noting variation.

THE FRONT: Work as back to **.
K. 9 (11) rows.

To divide for neck: Next row: K. 29 (32) and leave on spare needle for right front shoulder, cast off next 9 sts., k. to end and work on these last 29 (32) sts. for left front shoulder.

The left front shoulder: Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each of the next 11 (13) rows—18 (19) sts.

K. 11 rows—k. 12 rows here when working right front shoulder.

To slope the shoulder: Cast off 6 (7) sts. at beginning of next row and 6 sts. on the following alternate row.

Work 1 row, then cast off 6 sts.

MEASUREMENTS <i>in centimetres (and inches, in brackets)</i>			
Chest size	61 (24)	66 (26)	71 (28)
All round at underarms—fastened	67 (26½)	72 (28½)	77 (30½)
Side seam	24·5 (9½)	27 (10½)	29·5 (11½)
Length	38·5 (15)	42 (16½)	46 (18)
Sleeve seam	26 (10½)	28·5 (11½)	31 (12½)

THE BUTTON BAND: With right side facing, rejoin yarn to front and, using size 4.00 hook, work 1 d.c. in each row end of front edge.

Work 3 rows of d.c. Fasten off.

THE HOOD: With right side of work facing, rejoin yarn to beginning of right front neck shaping and, using size 4.00 hook, work 14 d.c. evenly up shaping, across back, work * 1 d.c. into next d.c., 2 d.c. into next d.c.; repeat from * 9 (11) (11) times, then 1 (nil) (1) d.c., finally work 14 d.c. evenly down left front neck shaping, turn—59 (64) (65) d.c.

1st row: Sl.st. along and into 4th st., 2 ch. for d.c., lp. st. until 3 sts. remain, turn—53 (58) (59) sts.

Repeat the 2 pattern rows of back, 14 (15) (16) times.

To shape the hood: Pattern 25 (27) (28) sts., miss 1 st., pattern 1 (2) (1), miss 1 st., pattern to end, turn.

Next row: Pattern 24 (26) (27), miss 1 st., pattern 1 (2) (1), miss 1 st., pattern to end, turn.

Next row: Pattern 23 (25) (26), miss next st., pattern 1 (2) (1), miss next st., pattern to end, turn.

Next row: Pattern 22 (24) (25) sts., miss 1 st., pattern 1 (2) (1), miss 1 st., pattern to end and fasten off.

Fold hood in half and join top seam.

THE HOOD EDGING: With right side of work facing, using size 4.00 hook, rejoin yarn to right hand side of hood at base and work 2 ch., 1 d.c. into each row end all round hood, turn.

Work 2 rows of d.c. Fasten off.

Sew down row ends to the 3 sl.sts. at beginning of hood. Fasten off.

Sew on buttons.

The right front shoulder: With right side facing, rejoin yarns to inner end of 29 (32) sts. and work as left front shoulder, noting variation.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike): With No. 11 (3 mm) needles and 2 strands of yarn tog., cast on 42 (46) sts. and k. 12 rows.

Continue in g.st. and inc. 1 st. at each end of next row and 5 following 10th rows—54 (58) sts.

K. 11 rows, then inc. 1 st. at each end of next row and the 2 (3) following 12th rows—60 (66) sts. K. 11 rows.

To shape sleeve top: Cast off 4 (5) sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next row and the 6 (8) following alternate rows—38 sts.

Work 1 row, then cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows, 3 sts. on following 4 rows, and finally, 4 sts. on the next 2 rows.

Cast off 6 sts.

TO MAKE UP THE SWEATER: Do not press. Join shoulder seams, set in sleeves, then join side and sleeve seams. Work 3 rows of double crochet round neck. Close back opening with 2 buttons and loops.

Tranquillity comes in special



shades and colours. So does Dulux.



Dulux makes a range of colours that are gently soothing.

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You can have them in Matchmaker or in the standard range of colours.

Look for tranquillity in the Dulux colour range... you'll know it when you feel it.

Dulux transforms everything it touches.





Put together Hayfield's Beaulon Double Knitting yarn with their Baby Range Brushed Double Knitting for a really clever effect, in colours such as sunshine/candy lemon; pink/candy pink; jade/candy mint and peach/candy peach.

MATERIALS: THE JACKET: Allow the following quantities in 25 g balls of Hayfield Beaulon Double Knitting: 27 for 86 cm size; 29 for 91 cm size; 30 for 97 cm size. For any one size: a pair each of No. 8 (4 mm) and No. 10 (3½ mm) knitting needles.

THE SWEATER: Allow the following quantities in 20 g balls of Hayfield Babykin Brushed Double Knitting: 12 for 86 cm size; 13 for 91 cm size; 14 for 97 cm size. For any one size: a pair of No. 8 (4 mm) and No. 10 (3½ mm) knitting needles; 2 buttons.

TENSION: Work at a tension of 21 stitches and 39 rows to measure 10 x 10 cm, over the garter stitch and 29 stitches and 29 rows to measure 10 x 10 cm over the rib unstretched, using No. 8 (4 mm) needles, to obtain the measurements given on facing page.

ABBREVIATIONS: To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); y.fwd., yarn forward to make a st.; y.o.n., yarn over needle to make a st.; g.st., garter st. (k. plain on every row); D.K., Double Knitting; B.D.K., Brushed Double Knitting.

NOTE: The instructions are given for the 86 cm (34 inch) size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 91 cm (36 inch size); work the figures within the second brackets for the 97 cm (38 inch size), and so on.

DOUBLE TAKE

An ideal partnership for leisurewear all the year round is this smart wrap-over jacket in garter stitch with tie belt. It teams happily with a roll-necked, ribbed sweater with short sleeves and buttoned band at the hem. Wear them alone or together—either way you'll have a winner on your hands **Instructions in 3 sizes**

THE JACKET

THE BACK: With No. 8 (4 mm) needles and D.K. cast on 65 (68) (71) sts. and g.st. 10 rows.

Next (eyelet) row: K. 2 (1) (2), * y.fwd., k. 2 tog.; repeat from * until 2 sts. remain, k. 2.

G.st. 19 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 4 following 20th rows—90 (95) (100) sts.

G.st. 63 rows straight.

To shape the armholes: Cast off 3 (4) (5) sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 6 (7) (8) following alternate rows—70 (71) (72) sts.

G.st. 69 rows.

To slope the shoulders: Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off the remaining 34 (35) (36) sts.

THE LEFT FRONT: With No. 8 (4 mm) needles and D.K. cast on 65 (68) (71) sts. and g.st. 10 rows.

Next (eyelet) row: K. 1 (2) (1), * k. 2 tog., y.fwd.; repeat from * until 10 sts. remain, k. 10.

G.st. 2 rows.

Work the 4-row pattern which is worked in g.st. with eyelet border, thus:

1st row (wrong side): K. 10, y.fwd., k. 2 tog., k. to end.

G.st. 3 rows.

** Pattern a further 13 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the beginning—read end here when working the right front—of the next row and the 4 following 20th rows—60 (63) (66) sts.

Pattern 42 rows, thus ending on a 4th pattern row. **

To slope the front (dec.) row: K. 10, y.fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2 tog., k. to end. G.st. 3 rows.

*** Repeat the last 4 rows, 4 times, then work the dec. row again—work 1 extra row here when working right front—54 (57) (60) sts.

To shape the armhole: Cast off 3 (4) (5) sts. at the beginning of the next row. Work 1 row—omit this row when working right front.

Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on the next row and 6 (7) (8) following alternate rows, at the same time, continue to dec. at front edge as before on every 4th row from previous dec. until 22 (23) (24) front decreases have been worked in all—28 sts.

Pattern 20 (18) (16) rows straight—pattern 21 (19) (17) rows here when working right front.

To slope the shoulder: Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next row and 2 following alternate rows.

On 10 sts., g.st. 31 (31) (32) rows for back neck band.

Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT: With No. 8 (4 mm) needles and D.K. cast on 65 (68) (71) sts. and g.st. 10 rows.

Next (eyelet) row: K. 10, * y.fwd., k. 2 tog.; repeat from * until 1 (2) (1) st(s). remain, k. 1 (2) (1).

G.st. 2 rows.

Work the 4 row pattern for the right front thus:

1st row (wrong side): K. until 12 sts. remain, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 10. G.st. 3 rows. Work as given for the left front from ** to ** noting variation.

To slope the front (dec.) row: K. until 14 sts. remain, k. 2 tog., k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 10.

G.st. 3 rows.

Work from *** to end, noting variations where indicated.

THE SLEEVES (both alike): With No. 8 (4 mm) needles and D.K. cast on 76 (78) (80) sts. and g.st. 40 rows.

Continuing in g.st., inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 2 following 24th rows—82 (84) (86) sts.

G.st. 95 rows.

To shape the sleeve top: Cast off 3 (4) (5) sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 11 (13) (15) following alternate rows. Work 1 row, then cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of the next 10 (8) (6) rows, then 4 sts. on the following 2 rows. Cast off the remaining 24 sts.

THE POCKET: With No. 8 (4 mm) needles and D.K. cast on 30 sts. and g.st. 46 rows.

Next (eyelet) row: K. 2, * y.fwd., k. 2 tog.; repeat from * until 2 sts. remain, k. 2.

Change to No. 10 (3½ mm) needles and g.st. 6 rows. Cast off.

THE BELT: With No. 10 (3½ mm) needles and D.K. cast on 14 sts. and work in g.st. until belt measures 140 cm (55 inches). Cast off.

TO MAKE UP THE JACKET: Press with a warm iron over a dry cloth. Join shoulder seams, then join cast-off edges of back neck band and sew into position. Set in sleeves, join sleeve and side seams, reversing seam for first 40 rows of sleeve to form cuff. Turn back cuff. Sew pocket to right front, placing 7 cm (2½ inches) from lower edge. Work belt carriers on side seam at waist level. Press seams.

THE SWEATER

THE BACK: With No. 10 (3½ mm) needles and B.D.K. cast on 97 (103) (109) sts.

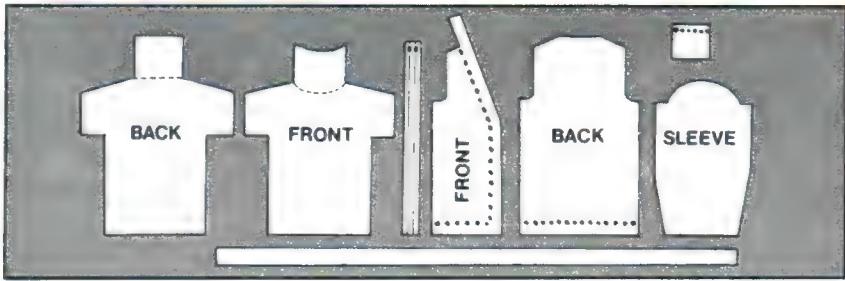
1st row: P. 1, * k. 1, p. 1; repeat from * to end.

Continued overleaf



MEASUREMENTS *in centimetres
(and inches, in brackets)*

To fit bust size	86 (34)	91 (36)	97 (38)
JACKET			
Side seam	44.5 (17½)	44.5 (17½)	44.5 (17½)
Length	67.5 (26½)	68 (26½)	68.5 (27)
Sleeve seam with cuff turned back	37 (14½)	37 (14½)	37 (14½)
SWEATER			
Side seam	27.5 (10½)	27.5 (10½)	27.5 (10½)
Length	47.5 (18½)	48.5 (19)	49 (19½)



DOUBLE TAKE

Twosome: continued

2nd row: K. 1, * p. 1, k. 1; repeat from * to end.

These 2 rows form the rib and are repeated throughout.

Repeat these 2 rows, 4 times more.

Change to No. 8 (4 mm) needles and rib a further 60 rows.

To shape the sleeves: Maintaining continuity of the rib, cast on 22 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows—141 (147) (153) sts. **

Rib 44 (46) (48) rows.

To slope the shoulders: Cast off 8 (9) (10) sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows, then 9 sts. on the following 8 rows. Leave the remaining 37 (39) (41) sts. on a stitch-holder for collar.

THE FRONT: Work as given for back to **.

Rib 37 (39) (41) rows, ending on a wrong-side row.

To divide sts. for neck: Next row: Rib 57 (59) (61) and leave these sts. on a spare needle for right front shoulder, rib 27 (29) (31) and leave these sts. on a stitch-holder for collar, rib to end and work on these 57 (59) (61) sts. for the left front shoulder.

The left front shoulder: To shape the neck: Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next row and 2 following alternate rows—54 (56) (58) sts.

Rib 1 row.

To slope the shoulder and continue to shape neck: 1st row: Cast off 8 (9) (10) sts., rib until 2 sts. remain, k. 2 tog.

2nd row: Rib to end.

3rd row: As 1st row.

4th row: As 2nd row—36 sts.

Keeping neck edge straight, cast off 9 sts. at the beginning of the next row and 2 following alternate rows. Rib 1 row, then cast off the remaining 9 sts.

The right front shoulder: With right side of work facing, rejoin yarn to 57 (59) (61) sts. on spare needle and rib to end.

Work as given for left front shoulder to end.

THE POLO COLLAR: Join right shoulder seam. With No. 10 (3½ mm) needles and B.D.K., pick up and k. 16 sts. from right front neck shaping, k. across 27 (29) (31) sts. on stitch-holder, pick up and k. 16 sts. from left front neck shaping and finally, k. across 37 (39) (41) sts. at back neck—96 (100) (104) sts.

Maintaining continuity of the rib, as set on back and front, rib 20 rows, then change to No. 8 (4 mm) needles and rib a further 20 rows. Cast off loosely in rib.

THE WAIST BAND: With No. 10 (3½ mm) needles and B.D.K. cast on 13 sts. and work 4 rows in rib as given on back.

Next (buttonhole) row: P. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.o.n. twice, rib until 4 sts. remain, y.o.n. twice, k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1.

Dropping extra loops on next row, continue in rib until work measures 66 cm (26 inches). Cast off.

TO MAKE UP THE SWEATER: Do not press. Join remaining shoulder seam, continuing across polo collar. Join side and underarm seams, leaving an opening 8 cm (3 inches) on left side seam, at lower edge. Beginning and ending 2.5 cm (1 inch) from each end of waist band, gather lower edge into waist band. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

When Life Lets

Accepting disappointment philosophically can be hard, concedes the Man-Who-Sees, but is necessary, if we are to prevent a few setbacks souring our view of life in general

HOW DO YOU react to disappointment? Have you survived some major setbacks with your faith and optimism still in good working order? And do you accept the minor ones which come your way without making too much fuss, not being too cast down or too 'worked up', or making mountains out of them, but recognising them for what they are—bumps along your path which trip you up and leave you feeling rather sore, but with a passing pain? And do you realise that in being frustrated in that hope and expectation your loss is not irreparable, so that you go forward in the healthy hope that your disappointment may be made good another day, in another way?

One of the few certainties in the world as we know it is that "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men Gang aft agley," and that you and I and everyone else will meet with some major disappointments and countless minor ones, and that even the least of them will give us an unpleasant moment, and the worst of them may be heart-breaking.

It may be true, as Fénelon said, that: "In the light of eternity we shall see that what we desired would have been fatal to us." Even in a shorter term, some disappointments do turn out to have been blessings in disguise. But these considerations are not much help to most of us at the time.

But if you and I and our like are not up to seeing our disappointments in eternity's light as blessings, leading us to give thanks for not getting what we so hopefully expected, we can at least try to see them in the light of common sense.

A FACT OF LIFE

SINCE WE HAVE no hope of escaping our very plentiful share of them, we should try to come to terms with this unpleasant fact of life, learn to handle disappointments, to give them no more than their due, to get over them as reasonably quickly as we can. Otherwise, it will be a poor lookout for us!

We may be floored by some major setback from which we never recover. As some people are. They turn sour, bitter and resentful, carrying on a kind of grudging fight with life in general. Or in melancholy rejection of the idea of ever trying again, they permanently mourn some old frustration; of love and marriage, of a family, of a career cut short by an accident of Fate, of honours which did not come their way, of a reward or an inheritance which should have been theirs but which went to someone else.

Or, as is more common, by failure to stand up to minor disappointments reasonably well, making too much of them, one becomes a prey to unhappy feelings for far too much of one's time, because such minor disappointments occur so frequently. You probably know people, as I do, who seem constantly to be at odds with themselves and life because of this disproportionate effect on them of some setback or other. They are either in the depths of depression, or furious because something or someone has not turned out as expected and desired.

There are some who see setbacks, not as recurring incidents in life, albeit unpleasant, but as the overriding fact of life and they end up such pessimists that their efforts to get what they want become so half-hearted, their hope and faith so anaemic, that they can be said to bring about their own disappointments half the time, missing what they could have had if they had pressed on with faith in themselves and their stars.

They are fond of saying that they have no illusions about life and, "Blessed are those that nought expect, For they shall not be disappointed." Others, though it seems to them that Fate is kind enough to other people, see themselves as attracting only malignity, and become



You Down



LOOKING AT LIFE WITH THE MAN-WHO-SEES

thoroughly disillusioned. The result is defeatism and far more unhappiness than need be.

"I'm not surprised. I knew things would go wrong," one of these poor hopers has just been saying to me. "I've been disappointed so often that I feel now there is a jinx on me and I've only got to want something and be looking forward to it, for it not to come off, or be spoiled in some way."

The current vexation was a hitch in financial arrangements which meant the cottage she and her husband had hoped to purchase had gone to a more fortunate buyer. It had made her quite ill, she said, and she didn't care now what happened. It's the end, she had told her husband, and they will just stay where they are and put up with it. Raising her hopes again would only mean being disappointed again.

Useless to tell her that a million or so other people are having their hopes of that dream house similarly dashed just now and that she is no more 'jinxed' than anyone else—except by herself, by her lack of spirit to keep on hoping and, in this instance, house-hunting.

REFUSING TO PLAY

MAKING excessively heavy weather of minor let-downs can be a selfishness affecting others, as well as making oneself miserable. It has been said that, "Mean spirits, under disappointment, like small beer in a thunder-storm, always turn sour," and we all know some of these and have probably suffered from them at times, being subjected to their grousing and fulminating, or sulking, creating a thunderous atmosphere which is equally discomfiting. Or, if their disappointment is in some shared enjoyment, they childishly 'refuse to play', spoiling things for others who, with a greater maturity, are ready to compromise.

But all these attitudes to disappointment—self-destructive and often an irritation and worse to others—are childish and should be left behind with childhood. As many do leave them. And those who do not would be well-advised to think about changing their ways, for their own sakes, and for the sake of those who have to live with them.

Even if it be rather late in the day, it is not impossible to cultivate reasonableness and, as regards the minor setbacks, a sense of proportion, having the good sense not to 'cut off one's nose to spite one's face' when disappointed, but showing a willingness to compromise and make the best of things where there is room for that, and not to be too cast down where there is not, and 'cut one's losses' without too much fuss or delay.

One can make oneself more ready to try again another day in another way, to gain the thing in which one's hopes were dashed, and to look on it as postponed, instead of dispiritedly saying, "That's the end" when 'rain stops play'.

Where there is no room for that, and no chance of it now, one can learn to rub the sore place and forget it, and press on again, expectant and hopeful and confident that one's star is as bright as anyone's, though like anyone's it will be clouded over from time to time by misfortunes.

A disappointment, in many cases, cannot be seen as a failure of one's own making. As distinct from such failure, it is most often due wholly to unkind Fate, or some other person. But our setbacks are certainly due sometimes to our own mistakes, our too great expectations, short-sightedness or neglect of proper provision. And we should have an eye to this, and, as with failure, learn from our mistakes.

As regards the graver disappointments, it is not impossible to find the courage and re-create the faith needed to pull one to one's feet if one has been too long sitting down, bitterly or miserably, in the rubble of a frustrated cherished expectation.

That disappointment is not the end of the world, nor the end of your world, nor the end of your journey through life. It has been said that no one 'gets far on his way without some bitter, soul-searching disappointment. Happy is he who is brave enough to push on to another stage of the journey.'

Just a few of the ways your child could be killed on the road tomorrow!

Is your child in danger when he's out on his own? Are you sure he knows the rights and wrongs of crossing roads?

Does he know and understand his Green Cross code? Making sure your child knows how

to stay alive on the roads is your responsibility.

Find out now if your children know the Green Cross code. Sit down with them and go through these pictures. Make sure they realise the dangers involved.



Not stopping before crossing.
Make sure your children always STOP before they cross. They should stand near the kerb and look and listen for traffic. When children are running they're not paying attention – they could run straight into the road.

Crossing between parked cars.
Children cannot see traffic coming drivers cannot see the children. Teach your children that they must find a safe place to cross the road away from parked cars.

Walking on the kerb. She's only inches from fast-moving traffic. Teach your children to stay well back from the kerb especially when they're waiting to cross the road.



Dodging traffic. Crossing between moving cars – it's dicing with death. Teach your children to make sure there is no traffic near before crossing and then to walk straight across the road, looking and listening as they go.

Playing in the street. Never let your children play in the street – just a stumble into the road could be fatal. Make absolutely sure they understand that roads are dangerous places.

Teach your child the *Green Cross Code*

- 1 First find a safe place to cross, then stop.
- 2 Stand on the pavement near the kerb.
- 3 Look all round for traffic and listen.
- 4 If traffic is coming, let it pass. Look all round again.
- 5 When there is no traffic near, walk straight across the road.
- 6 Keep looking and listening for traffic while you cross.

Cut this page out and use it to teach your child to stay alive!



DAYS OF THE DOLPHIN

Continued from page 28

So all day, the staff were busy organising games and extra lectures for the students, while the ship's officers were occupied on the bridge. Along the coastline of North Africa under a yellow sand-filled sky, we steamed up and down, waiting for wind and waves to subside.

All day, rumours circulated. The weather forecast was bleak. We would simply abandon the attempt into Alexandria harbour. The students cited instances on other companies operating such cruises. And as Cairo and the Pyramids were the highlight of the trip, great was the gloom.

In the afternoon, the weather cleared a little, the cold wind dropped, the sky lost its horrible dense yellow colour, but a more depressing rumour circulated. There were forty-seven ships awaiting harbour entry in Alexandria Roads, and we would have to join the end of the queue. As we couldn't enter after nightfall, our chances of ever making Egypt were slim.

The students were depressed.

"I had it from the radio officer himself," Tracy Naunton-Brown said. "I've worked it out that we might get in by the time we're due home. The Chief is apparently on the radio right now, trying to get us a priority."

"Of which," Elaine said, "the chances are zero. About as likely as—"

"You and Master-At-Arms Maddox?" I sighed.

"Exactly!"

"Well, I hope you're wrong." I shook my head. "The students will be so disappointed. It'll spoil the whole—"

I was interrupted by the loudspeaker system. "Ladies and gentlemen and students, this is the chief officer. Apparently for some unknown reason, quite beyond me, Alexandria Port Authority is going to give top priority to this ship. *Cressida* is cleared to the top of the queue. I think we've got you students to thank for that. So behave yourselves when you do get there. In half-an-hour we'll be embarking the pilot. Give him a big cheer!"

And still cheering, dressed overall, just before dusk we slipped past the Russian, the Norwegian, the Italian, and the Argentine ships waiting in the Roads. It says something for the magic of children that their crews waved back enthusiastically, and their sirens saluted us.

NOw comes the hard part!"

Again, three hours later, it was Mark Tempilar's voice over the loudspeaker system. "As you can see, we're alongside, but no one will be disembarked tonight. Reveille will sound in the dormitories at 03.30. Cabin passengers will be called at 4 a.m. Coaches will depart from the quayside at 05.00 hours. As usual, I shall follow in the staff car to see that everything goes smoothly. Now, students, go to bed and get some sleep. Cabin passengers, I advise you to do the same. Thank you, and good night."

Our heads had hardly seemed to touch the pillow before the reveille was sounding. Most of the class leaders had got to bed late the night before because there was so much checking to do.

"First of all," I said to our lot before we disembarked, "have you got your class badges?"

Since we had been a week at sea, the replies to our queries had begun to change

Continued overleaf

LOOK WHAT'S COMING NEXT WEEK!



KNITTING TO PLEASE

Sweater, hat and scarf set. Boldly patterned, fringed poncho. Man's tweedy cardigan with smart contrast trim.

A FLAVOUR ALL ITS OWN

Learn to make your own mayonnaise, and use it in a selection of tempting recipes.



EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

We catch that world-famous conductor, Herbert von Karajan, at home in Austria.

WINDOW-DRESSING

Stay a shade cooler with a pretty and practical roller blind that you can make yourself.

SPOT ON!

Our cut-out-and-keep chart contains helpful hints on removing all sorts of stains, from egg to nail varnish.

HIGHLAND FLING!

We take to tartan next week by featuring two flattering designs for home dressmakers: a Victorian-style long dress, and a shirt and skirt twosome.

IT'S THE MAGAZINE for you next week—order your copy soon.

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DAYS OF THE DOLPHIN

Continued

from, "Yes, miss," to "O.K." or "Aye, aye." "And remember," Elaine interjected, "you are not to part with them. Not even in exchange for a pyramid. Or Tutankhamen's treasure."

It was her turn to stay on board on duty, and she waved us goodbye as we went down the gangway.

Miss Skeffington and I shepherded our lot through the embarkation hall down the stairs to the coaches waiting outside.

Before embarking, I did my last check. "Now have you all got two drinks vouchers for the oasis stop, and a list of 'do's and don'ts' in Egypt?"

"Aye, aye."

"Got your packed lunches?"

"Aye, aye."

"And something warm?"

"Aye, aye."

"And have you girls got something warm on?" Tim came up and fingered my woolly-sleeved arm. "Sorry I'm late, and good morning."

He was looking very handsome in a camel-coloured sweater with a chocolate-brown silk cravat. "I hear I'm on the same bus as you again, Kate. Number 13!"

"Unlucky for some," I said in Bingo lingo.

"But lucky for me." He took my clipboard from me, and checked every one of our students aboard. Then he and I followed them. It was still dark and very cold, and mindful of the stories of the roughness of the Nile road, most of them had crowded the front seats. There were just two left for us at the very back.

"The bumpiest! But then the best place

really for us." Tim settled himself in beside me. "All the better to see them! I can spot one or two of the naughty little girls of the other night. The naughty big girl, by the way—" he patted my hand—"has got herself a lift in the staff car."

"Miss Richison, d'you mean?"

"I do. I heard her talking to the chief officer outside the purser's office."

He handed over my clipboard, and I busied myself checking that all the papers were attached.

In any case, the bus started up then, and it was difficult at first to talk above the sound of its revving engine. But as soon as we'd bumped through the narrow cobbled streets, beside market stalls and shops lit by braziers that were little more than holes in the wall, Tim said, "Matron seems to have quite a penchant for putting us together on these outings."

When I said nothing, he prompted: "Or do you ask her?"

I reacted swiftly. "Of course I don't!"

For a long time he said nothing after that. With the cold outside and our packed bus, the windows were soon steamed up, and both of us went round with tissues clearing them for the girls to look out. We were setting out for Cairo and the Pyramids along the Nile road, which went through the fertile alluvial plain which was intensely farmed in tiny holdings and miniature fields.

TIM INVENTED a game for the students. As soon as it was light enough, they were to call out the names of the crops as they spotted them. Dormitory prefects were delegated to score, and the prizes were extra fizzy drinks vouchers.

In a way, the game isolated us. Side by side, Tim and I watched a flat, tangerine-coloured sun rise above the line of the horizon, and shine on the grey-green of the Nile.

It should have been unbearably romantic, but it wasn't. Perhaps Tim thought the same, for suddenly he turned and asked in a sympathetic voice, "Are you still in love, Kate?"

I didn't answer. Then I croaked cautiously, "With whom?"

"With me, of course," Tim said impatiently. "Who else?" His whole tone sounded horribly egotistical to me.

"I could have been in love with a lot of people, Tim. It's been well over two years."

I watched an old man working a primitive irrigation wheel that looked like something out of Biblical times and thought, "Two years is, after all, but the winking of an eye."

"But you haven't. You've only ever been in love with me."

"And then I wasn't really in love." I was surprised at myself for saying that; at my own vehemence. More surprised still to find that it was true.

Tim dipped his hand in his trousers pocket and brought out his pipe. He asked me rather stiffly if I minded.

"No. Go ahead."

I watched him fill his pipe, and light it unhurriedly. The familiar fragrance that I liked so much was there, but the nostalgia had gone.

"I think we were both in love," Tim said irritably, "at the time. In a way. A youthful way."

"There's only one way," I said.

"How can you possibly know?"

Continued overleaf

"Have yellow dentures taken away your smile?"

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DAY OF THE DOLPHIN Continued

"I just do."

Tim glanced at me sideways and puffed on his pipe. Our silence was underlined by shrieks of: "Alfalfa!" "Cotton!" "That's not cotton!" "Yes, it is!" "Maize!" "No, it's corn!" "Figs!" "Barley!" The children's shouts mingled with the grinding of the bus and the rattle of carts.

"So I take it," Tim said, "you wouldn't want to resume our engagement, even if I wanted you to?"

"Tim," I said, "you never used to be pompous. That's an unspeakable question to ask a girl. But the answer's no!"

"Dear Kate! I'm sorry. Yes, that was a rotten question," he said wryly. "You were always honest."

"Anyway, you're going to marry Rosanne." I felt a tremor of worry. "You love her, don't you?"

"Of course I do!"

"And the extenuating circumstances you told me about . . ."

"Well, nothing very much, really. Rosanne is a little like your friend, Miss Richison. She likes her own way. I wondered—no, that was disloyal of me. But then seeing you again . . ."

"But this still doesn't remotely add up to your being in love with me," I said with this new-found certainty of mine. "You don't feel that I'm everything to you. And that you couldn't do without me."

"Not really, no."

"Well, there you are then." I put out my hand, and he clasped it. "We're old friends, as we said before. We have a very friendly relationship."

"But—" Tim held up his pipe ruefully—

"like my pipe, the fire has gone out."

We actually laughed together. I felt as if a great weight had departed from me, and though its place was threatened to be taken by an even heavier one, for the first time I felt at peace and easy in Tim's company. He began to tell me about Rosanne and his new school as the bus jogged along.

After a while, the up-and-down motion of the back seat rocked me like a cradle. Ahead, the horizon held a curious amber shimmer which made my eyelids very heavy. I had had little sleep last night, and several times I nodded off, and my lolling head jerked me awake again. In front of us the students were sleeping with their heads on each others' shoulders.

I remember resting my head against Tim's, and Tim resting his head on mine.

We must have slept like that the rest of the way to the Pyramids. I woke to the sound of an impatient car horn. I blinked my eyes. Through the windscreens of the bus, I saw the fringe of the desert and the towering triangle of the Great Pyramid, pale as honey against the strong blue of the sky.

The car horn sounded again. I looked sharply behind. The staff car was following us. I had a glimpse of the Chief's stern face. I wondered for how long he had been following and watching our apparently affectionate little scene.

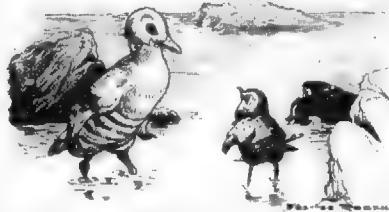
But he wasn't looking in our direction. Another long blast from the horn of the staff car. Impatiently Mark Templar waved for the bus driver to pull over.

Then he overtook us in a careless cloud of dust.

TO BE CONTINUED

© Betty Beatty, 1977

THE ROBIN FAMILY



ROWENA'S NEW FRIEND

Fun at Sandhopper Bay

AT SANDHOPPER BAY one sunny afternoon, the two Robin families

were really enjoying themselves. Mr. Robin and Dr. Robbie had gone fishing, the two Mrs. Robins were sunbathing, Roly, Rosemary and Richard were building a sandcastle, and Rowena was searching for seashells along the beach.

Soon, Rowena arrived at a small rock-pool, where she met a young kittiwake gull called Kenneth. They sat down for a chat and Rowena showed him her shells.

"They're nice," he said admiringly. "My sister Katie and my mother make them into very pretty necklaces."

At that moment, the two Mrs. Robins, who'd thought Rowena had been gone rather a long time, came to find her; and when they heard about the shell necklaces, they were so fascinated that Kenneth invited all the Robins home to see them.

Mrs. Kittiwake and Katie were delighted to welcome any friends of their friends, the Rock-Pipits, and they were only too pleased to show them their very pretty shell necklaces.



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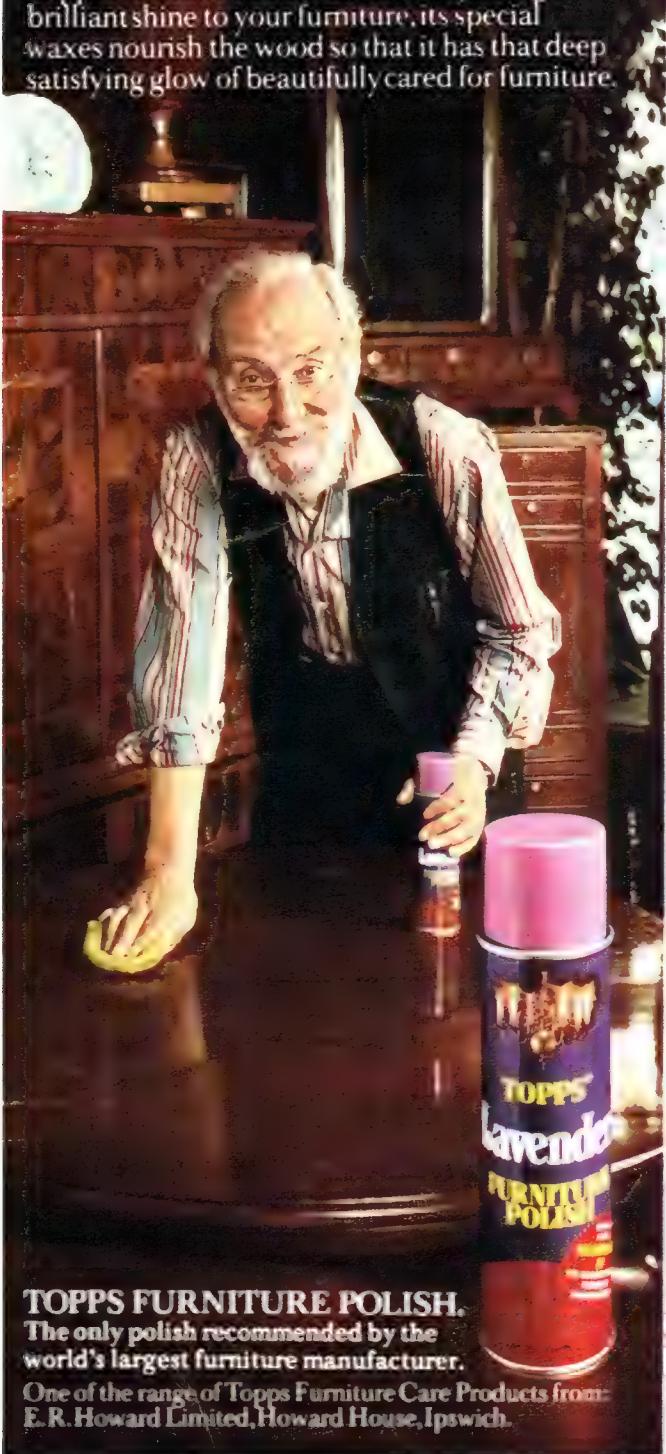
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MAKING A CLEAN SWEEP

I find barrowing fallen leaves an awful chore. Can you suggest any other way of gathering them up?



FLOWERS IN CHURCH

A friend of mine who regularly arranges the flowers in her local church is about to retire from school teaching. I should like to give her a book on floral arrangements in church to celebrate her retirement. Any suggestions?

How about 'Flowers in Praise' by Julia Clements, published by Batsford at £5.95? This book is fully illustrated and includes practical hints on the subject as well as the care of cut flowers.

Treat yourself to a Rotocrop 'Gather Up' garden carrier, made from heavy-duty green polythene, 5 ft. square, with strong white plastic handles at each corner. You simply spread the sheet on the ground, sweep or rake on the rubbish, then gather it together by the handles and carry it away. On sale at many garden centres for £2.95 or direct from Rotocrop Ltd., 15-17 Cheam Road, Sutton, Surrey, at the same price (postage and packing included) or (as a special offer) two for £5.00.

SPRING IN SEPTEMBER

Continued from page 12

Invitations had been sent out early; Morgan's mother had most of the catering arrangements well in hand; his father had ordered a large marquee in case of rain, to accommodate the children, though the rest of the reunion guests could be entertained in the old ballroom.

"And Marty, bless her, has offered to provide entertainment for the children, wet or fine; they need to be organised a little. We went through some of the arrangements together last night at her place after I'd finished work on some record books of hers."

Jealousy, new to Shanna, flooded through her. Marty had once been loved by Morgan, no matter how lightly he might dismiss that first love now. Shanna envied her fiercely.

Morgan said, "What are you looking like that for, Susannah Carew? As if you had an unpleasant taste in your mouth?"

He was too astute by far. She had an edge to her tone as she answered: "Who do you think you are? Sir Omniscience instead of merely Morgan Hervington-Blair? Able to read people's thoughts?"

He said impatiently, "Cut out this Hervington-Blair nonsense. I've shortened it to Blair long since. I only use it on documents these days."

"Where did it come from? I always wonder about hyphenated names."

"Back in the eighteenth century, when a Blair from Scotland, not a rich suitor, paid court to the only daughter of the Hervingtons of Hervington Place, and attached her name to his own so it wouldn't die out when they inherited the estate. Apparently, he

LILIES ON THE MOVE

We are moving house next month and I am wondering if I could take my Madonna Lilies with me—or is it the wrong time of year to move them?

Madonna Lilies move best in August or September (so this is also the best time for planting new bulbs of this variety). I suggest you add plenty of leaf-mould or compost to the soil, with a good dusting of lime, before replanting. This variety of Lily bulb should be only just covered with an inch or so of soil.



PINCHING OUT TOMATOES

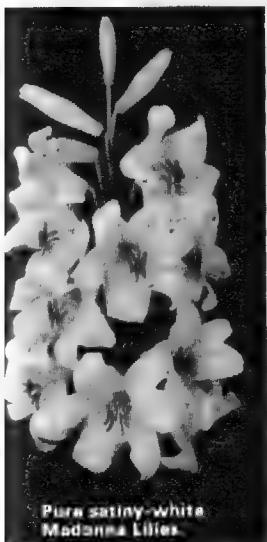
A friend tells me that I should remove the tips of my outdoor tomato plants. Is this a fact? I have never grown tomatoes before.

The tip of the mainstem should be pinched out when the plants have set four trusses of fruit. This does not apply with dwarf bush varieties, which require no pinching or staking.

REMOVING ROSE SUCKERS

My Roses have produced a lot of suckers this year. Can you please tell me the best way to remove them? I am constantly cutting them down.

Suckers are stems arising from the rootstock on to which the Rose variety has been grafted. I'm afraid that cutting down these stems simply encourages further suckering. You need to trace them back to the point of origin on the root, then pull them off, afterwards replacing the soil.



Pure satiny-white
Madonna Lilies.

felt so sorry for her father, who had lost three sons and had no male heir, that he offered to do it. You never know, Susannah. When you eventually marry and give Clothilde a great-grandson, he might grow as fond of her as I am. He might offer to put Larchwood in front of his name, hyphen and all!"

SHANNA finished her toast and pushed her plate away. "Names die out. Places don't," she said. "There'll always be a Larchwood Vale. I'd never ask that of any man. I'd wear my husband's name alone and be proud of it."

Morgan said, "That could be selfish. You aren't thinking of what it would mean to your grandmother. I think it's lovely in family trees to see names repeated over and over. In fact, in the short time of our engagement I—"

She interrupted fiercely. "Our *sham* engagement!"

He took it equably. "—our *sham* engagement, I thought if you were sensible enough to see that a marriage between us would work, we might have kept a name from long ago and called our first daughter Victorine Rose."

Shanna caught her lower lip between her teeth to stop its quiver for a betraying second. Morgan had thought that, yet she'd read once that men rarely, if ever, thought of themselves as potential fathers, yet girls dreamed of motherhood from their earliest years, and picked names for their future children from kindergarten days on.

She managed to say, scornfully, "You really did have it all worked out, didn't you? A blueprint for marriage. For goodness' sake, Morgan, when you go courting again, be a bit spontaneous about it. Your clinical approach is most off-putting, you know. No

Continued overleaf

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Your letters to Matron

Matron's wise guidance has put many mothers' minds at rest

HOME HAZARD

My little boy has just started to pull himself up. He catches on to anything that will help him. What is the best way to secure the tablecloth? Mine are rather long ones.

Tablecloths of any kind can be a problem where there are little children, since they do present a real danger. If a meal has been laid, a sharp pull could result in a pot full of boiling tea being poured over a toddler's head. It is better to put tablecloths away for the time being and use table mats instead. If cloths are used, they should be small ones and each corner should be tied securely to its adjacent table leg by means of a piece of strong tape stitched on very firmly.

SALT-FREE DIET

I am expecting my first baby and my doctor has told me to cut salt out of my diet. Does he mean salt used for cooking also?

Yes. Don't add any salt at all to your own food, either at the table or in cooking, and avoid already salted foods like kippers. You should soon get accustomed to salt-free

meals and will probably grow to like food better that way, but if you find your diet tastes very bland, try adding a squeeze of fresh lemon juice after serving. That will do you good.

WHY CHILDREN DIFFER

I thought all babies sucked a thumb (or their fingers), but whereas my first child sucked hers a lot, I don't think I've seen the second (also a girl) suck hers at all and she is now nearly three. She does twiddle her hair though, especially when she is tired or upset. Why this difference between sisters?

It is hard to say, but it is probably just one of those interesting differences which you get even between children in the same family. Were you, do you think, less anxious in yourself and more relaxed and easy-going with this second child than you were with your first? If so, that could be a factor to take into consideration. It is hard for a new mother not to worry over her first child, I know, but it is worth bearing in mind that the more relaxed a mother is, the more relaxed the baby is likely to be.

SPRING IN SEPTEMBER

Continued

wonder Marty . . ." She stopped dead, aware that temper had betrayed her.

He finished it for her. "No wonder Marty preferred Philip. Well, I wouldn't disagree with that. I think she got the better man, though even they got their wires crossed for a bit. You've certainly changed since you were an engaging twelve-year-old, Shanna. I used to think it would be a lucky fellow who got you when you grew up. Who'd have thought you'd have become such a shrew? Four years of living in the sophisticated centres of the world haven't improved you at all. I used to think that when you and young Louis Rossignol grew up, you might marry. But, of course, he didn't come over for the reunion five years ago. You've heard, I suppose, of his mountaineering exploits since? Mainly in South America."

She said, still perversely, to mark her lack of interest in Louis, "I think I've heard that, vaguely, but I don't know much about him."

He frowned. "No, I suppose not. You haven't had much interest in the family for the last few years, have you?"

Now she was really angry with him. "I've never failed to write Gran'mère once a week in all the years!"

His tone was dry. "It's easy to write—that entails no sacrifice such as . . ." He stopped.

Her eyes challenged his. "Go on, Morgan, don't spare me. No sacrifice such as what?"

He said slowly and deliberately, "Such as leaving the fleshpots, the receptions and diplomatic highlights, the travel, to come

home to a gallant old lady who has never once moaned about loneliness, and would have been even more solitary but for someone no relation to her at all."

"You mean yourself, of course, Saint Morgan. I think a halo suits you."

He shook his head at her. "That's known as carrying the attack into the enemy's camp, and I simply refuse to take you up on it."

She felt as if he'd stabbed her. Enemy? Morgan? Never. Even when he was criticising her like this, he was still the man she loved, had loved for five years. In fairness to him, and to herself, she ought to tell him she hadn't been free to come . . . till now.

The first two years, of course, she'd not dared return, with Morgan on Larchwood Vale. She had hoped he might have married someone else, then she could have come home to stay.

But when she'd convinced herself she had rooted her love for Morgan out of her heart, she had booked a flight back to New Zealand, but before she could announce her return, the threat of sudden and serious illness had hung over her mother's life. Marguerite, incredibly brave in the face of it all, had ruled that her mother was not to know. "If she knows, she will give up. There will be nothing left for her to live for. I'll manage to write as if things were just as normal . . . as exciting as ever."

She had managed just that, all through that time of exhausting treatment, surgery, convalescence, endless relapses. Then had come that miracle drug and complete restoration to health. But when Shanna had rung her in Canada to say that she was

Continued overleaf

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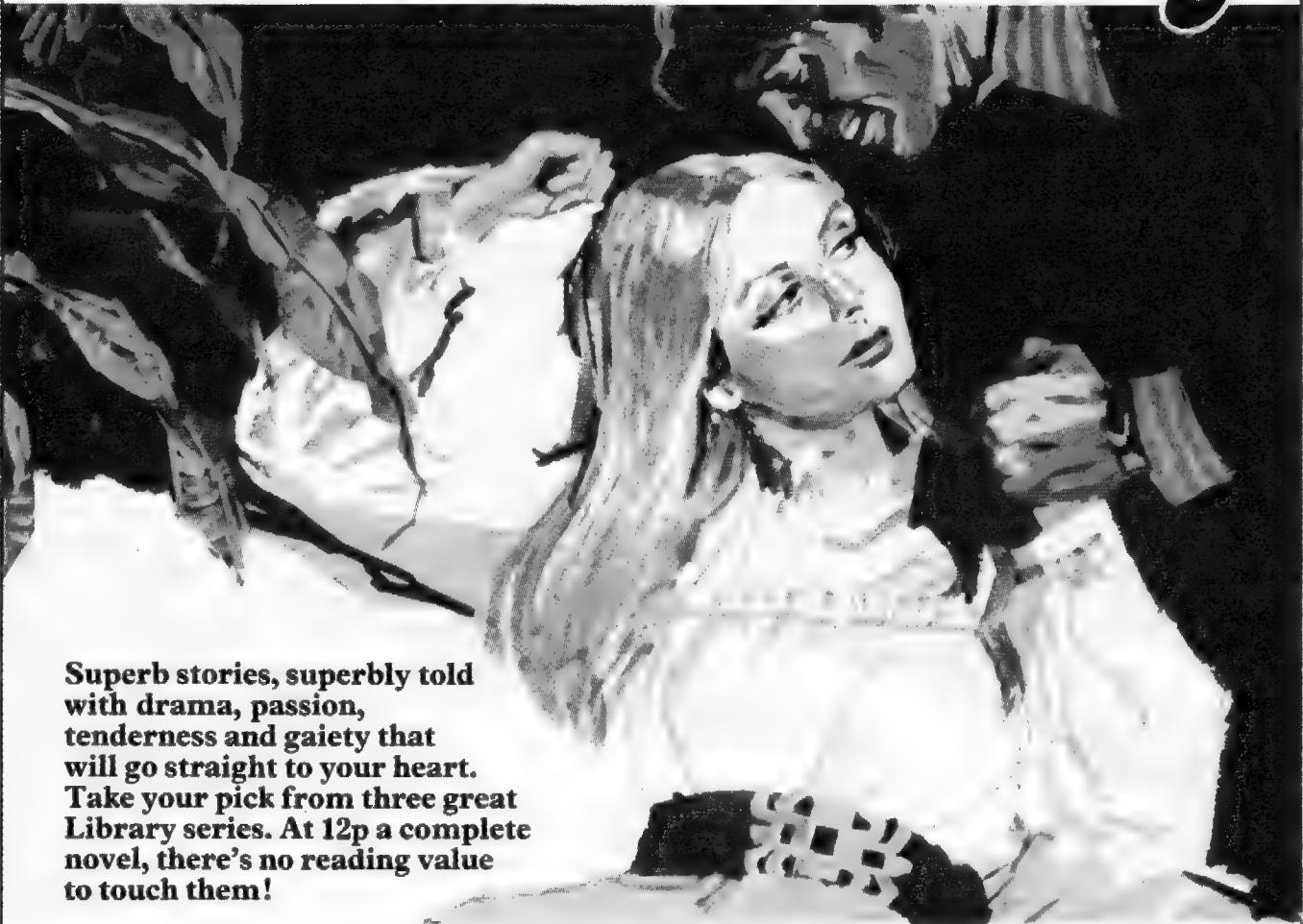
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SPRING IN SEPTEMBER

Continued

going home and why, she had asked her daughter to say nothing yet. "Mother would worry. We'll come for the reunion, and will tell her then. When she sees me blooming with health, she'll be completely reassured."

But Shanna decided to tell Morgan now, to justify her own long time of no return. She said, "Morgan, you'd better know that I had personal reasons for staying there. One has other loyalties . . ."

He held up his hand. "I guessed that. Some man. Only that could have kept you there. There was no other reason why, in these days of swift travel, you shouldn't have come home for, say, three months at a time. If you dare not leave a man for that length of time, then he's not worth having. Not a very good picker, are you, Shanna? Well, I've got work to do."

"How nice for you to get all that spleen out of your system," she said bitterly.

"You'll work the better for it, I'm sure."

It took her all of half an hour to cool down and be able to present a serene appearance to Gran'mère. Morgan could think what he liked about her, she decided. He seemed to want to judge her and find her wanting!

Gran'mère had dozed off, but stirred as Shanna came into the room. Shanna kissed her, asked if she'd like to stay in bed awhile.

"But no, chérie, I do not want to waste a single moment of this God-given spring day. I feel as that man in the Bible did when his son came home again. We ought to do something to celebrate your return. But what?"

Continued overleaf

THE ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT

Canon R. C. Stephens points out that many of us need to have some element of risk in our lives

THE WORLD is a marvelous place—exciting and beautiful—but it can also be terrifying. Natural disasters happen, often without warning, and some people cannot reconcile these facts with belief in a good God. It would, of course, be possible to avoid the disastrous effects of earthquakes and volcanoes by not inhabiting areas where they are likely to occur, yet people continue to live in such places. It seems that an element of risk and danger was built into the universe from the beginning.

Mankind has increased the uncertainty of life by discovering such forces as nuclear energy and electricity and, however much care is taken, accidents do happen. If we object to the way God has made this earth, we must ask ourselves whether we would prefer to live in a completely



A beautiful view of Sweetheart Abbey at New Abbey near Dumfries in Scotland.

safe world, as there are many people who want to do exciting things which can often be dangerous. The acceptance and expectancy of risk is part of our make-up; more and more men and women continue to seek new forms of danger by rock climbing, hang-gliding or rowing across the ocean.

This spirit of adventure is evident in Jesus, Whose teaching clashed with the authorities so that He was eventually arrested. His instructions to would-be followers promised persecution and even death (St. John 16:2) but the fact that

many people accepted His terms of service, showed that He appealed to their natural adventurous spirits. Later St. Luke referred to them as "men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts 15:26).

Christianity would never have lasted if it had been based on safety, for the paradox is that those who dare, whether mentally, physically or spiritually, have a far greater sense of the meaning of living and find real security in God, unlike those who always care too much for their own safety (St. Mark 8:35).

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SPRING IN SEPTEMBER Continued

"No, love. We won't tire you out with dancing and feasting. We'll leave that till the reunion, when Mother and Father will be here too. But what's this about the Prodigal's return? You won't think of me like that, will you, Gran'mère?" Had her darling grandmother nursed resentment, as Morgan had? Not for the first time Shanna wished that her mother had told Gran'mère when the worst was over.

Gran'mère chuckled. "You ninny. I wasn't thinking about the son's side, just the father's joy in his return. Child, I may have wished you might come, and to stay, but I knew so well why you couldn't."

Shanna turned with the tray in her hand. "You knew? Why, I thought you didn't have a glimmer of suspicion. You haven't said anything to . . ."

Clothilde's voice was tender. "Of course I haven't. I knew you didn't dare come back for fear of revealing yourself. But it won't matter now. He loves you dearly, never doubt that. But let time take care of it, child. We shall get the reunion over, and you will grow into each other's ways again. Why else did you think I decided to have a shorter time between the reunions? This time, I think, you have come home to stay."

Gran'mère didn't know. She didn't know that Mother's life had been threatened. She thought I stayed away because I couldn't bear to see John and Françoise together, but that now I have a second chance to take my happiness there. Oh, if only she knew! Shanna thought.

When Gran'mère came down, she decreed they mustn't spend too much time inside on such a day. "You must walk round the garden with me, *chére*, enjoying as I do the miracle of spring. You know how hard with frost the ground here gets. It is a miracle to see the earth cracking and then finding, one day, a tiny spear-tip of green that will soon be a daffodil; to see the shiny buds on the weeping willows bursting as a little warmth gets into the sun."

AS THEY walked out into the garden Morgan joined them.

The sun shone through the tiny white rosettes on the twigs of the may, and behind it a flowering currant glowed rosily. A tulip magnolia was opening its first rosy chalice to the sun and violas and pansies purpled the corners.

Iceland poppies danced in the slight breeze, black-centred anemones were purple and scarlet by the front steps, and from the plantation came the ceaseless soughing of the pines.

Clothilde said softly, "That is what compensated me for what I missed most at first—the murmur of the sea. When I felt as if I couldn't bear a moment longer not to see a blue harbour below Mount Bossu, or feel a salt-tanged breeze against my cheeks, I used to wander in the pine-grove and tell myself that the first Larchwood wife hadn't even that sound to comfort her; Victorine planted every pine on that hillside, while Gerard was trying to turn tuft into pasture."

The three of them visited all the long-loved haunts: the fernery Victorine had created out of a hollow in the hillside; the caves Shanna had loved as a child; the Watchtower Rock where Victorine had kept many long vigils, watching for her husband's safe return.

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Finally, they turned their steps homeward, and Shanna forestalled Morgan by announcing that she'd prepared lunch earlier. "I thawed out some of Gran'mère's incomparable *bouillon* and made cole slaw to go with the cold mutton."

"Good for you," he said. "I hoped you'd not have forgotten the culinary arts in this lap of luxury you've lived in so long."

"What an imagination!" she mocked. "People have these quaint notions about diplomats and trade commissioners and what-have-you, I find. In reality, we lived, as far as was possible, much like here, except that our lamb and fruit, beef and vegetables cost more, even if we made up for a lot in cheaper clothes and household things. We never lived in serviced apartments, always had a flat or a rented house, because we craved family life. So I wasn't likely to forget any of the culinary arts so patiently taught me by my mother and grandmother."

Clothilde said, twinkling-eyed, "This rolls the years away, to be sitting at the table with the children squabbling."

"And Morgan, at least, is old enough to know better," flashed Shanna.

Morgan gave way to laughter. It was so spontaneous and natural that Shanna experienced a strong desire to hit him. He sobered, and said mournfully, "Yet I recall distinctly during those exciting days of our sham engagement, your saying that you found it much more satisfying to be with an older man."

Her cheeks glowed at the recollection. "Dear me, I must have had softening of the brain, or was I being kind to someone who'd been chivalrous enough to rescue me from an embarrassing situation?"

"Possibly, possibly." Morgan took a sip of water. "By the way, Dad and I are tailing lambs this afternoon. Care to join us? Last time you were a great help. Or wouldn't you be interested now? Just say if you can't."

She looked at him sharply. "Don't be ridiculous. I've generations of farmers behind me and only one diplomat. I'll feel I'm really at home if I can come down to the yards. You'll be okay, Gran'mère?"

"Of course. I'll be bringing the afternoon tea down at half-past three. I am not yet relegated to uselessness."

IT WAS marvellous to be working in the spring sunshine, the smell of wool giving a familiar tang to the air; there were the mixed sounds of lambs bleating and agitated ewes answering, dogs barking; there was the feeling of doing a tedious job well.

"How long are you staying, Miss Carew?" Dan, the shepherd, asked.

"Make it Shanna, Dan. I'm here for keeps."

She was aware that Morgan had paused to listen.

"Oh, that'll sure be good news for the old lady," Dan said. "I thought you were just coming to help out with the family get-together."

"That's what brought me here this early, with Stephanie, but I was already booked for next month to return for good. Then I heard about the reunion."

"You didn't tell me that, Shanna," Morgan said.

"You didn't ask."

"Any particular reason for your decision?"

Having Dan Cairns there made it easy to answer casually. "Just that the folk didn't need me so much, and I felt Gran'mère did."

Morgan didn't reply. Dan did. "She looks younger already. I guess you need your own folk at her age. Agnes used to go up as often as possible, and Morgan's father and mother, but you are her very own, which is what she needed."

"I agree," said Morgan Blair. With a direct switch of subject, he added, "You'll have more in common with John Forester now he's dabbling in the political scene." (Of course, Dan hadn't been at the Vale five years ago, so he would think nothing of this.) "In fact, you could be very useful to him. He has no one to play the hostess."

All of a sudden, she hated Morgan Blair. He was going to underline for her that if John paid court to her again, it would be for motives of his own. That was

despicable. How could he be so cold and unfeeling?

She said smoothly, "I'd be quite pleased to do just that for him, but I hardly see him entertaining often, away up here."

She went on with the work, but her thoughts were busy. Was Morgan going to try for her again himself? Not really for her, of course, but for Larchwood Vale. With what pleasure she would turn him down again. Memories of that other time, five years ago, flooded back to her.

That day she had decided to risk all she wanted from life on one question, one answer. For her, the farce of an engagement had gone on long enough. She'd waited and waited for Morgan to ask her
Continued overleaf

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SPRING IN SEPTEMBER

Continued

to turn it into reality. To tell her he had found out that he loved her. She couldn't bear it much longer, the public caresses when others might notice, the make-believe plans for their future when someone asked when the wedding was to be, the unbearable longing she experienced for him to sweep her into his arms when they were alone.

THEY HAD been riding, and had stopped to water their horses at Gerard's Crossing, standing by their mounts. She had said, doggedly, "Morgan, it's all over, isn't it? We've played our parts, and now it's time for the curtain. Thank you for the way you've played up to it. Nobody's going to like it, of course. They'll think me more than fickle . . . first John, then you. But I've got to get away. I can't stand this situation a moment longer. I'll join Mother and Dad in Bangkok. Thank heaven for nomad parents! We went into it too suddenly. I hadn't realised how delighted everyone would be. I could scream every time I hear Gran'mère on the phone telling someone else that *this* match is made in heaven! If only they knew."

Then she waited, hoping against hope that she had stamped him into telling her how he really felt. He had stared down at the ripples spreading from where the horses were drinking, and hadn't said anything for a tantalising few minutes. He seemed to be thinking deeply. Then he'd said, "They say that onlookers see most of the game. Mightn't they be right? Not made in heaven perhaps, but a pretty good match.

Not a sudden burst of trumpets—love at first sight and all that sort of thing—but we've been . . . friends . . . and, well, it's time I married and settled down. We've got everything else going for us in the matter of kindred tastes and background and family approval. Why not, Susannah?"

Everything else except the one essential . . . love. What a marvellous proposal!

Her voice had broken with the intensity of her feelings. "Why not? Why not? Because I wouldn't go into marriage without even a vestige of real feeling. It's not just a case of compatibility and matching tastes, of pleasing the families. Marriage has got to be a complete giving; a total commitment. There's nothing of that between you and me, Morgan."

There had been another long silence, then he'd said shortly, "Well, you've made yourself plain. You can't do it, so that's it. Gone are the days when people were pressured into marriage. But I'm sorry. I'd thought we might've made a go of it, after all."

Made a go of it. How romantic!

He'd said, "I'll tell the family tonight, my family and your grandmother. It's easier that way. You could go out for the evening, perhaps. You'll have your parents to tell when you join them."

Later that night when she'd come back from her friends, Joy and Philip, he'd met her, told her they'd taken it sadly but had accepted it.

Then he'd said, "Come on out for a bit of fresh air for a few moments."

She had known a wild hope. There was a full moon again, a sky blazing with stars, and they'd walked, almost automatically, along the path that led to the larch copse. They'd paused at the far end, where the ground fell away to the plains.

He'd said, quite tonelessly, without any real feeling, "Perhaps you're right, Susannah. It wouldn't be a marriage that would satisfy you at all. Besides, you're still rather raw from John's defection."

That was the moment when she should have told him that it hadn't been that way at all, that she'd discovered before their engagement that she didn't really love John. But Morgan was too astute. He'd have guessed, perhaps, that she'd fallen out of love with John because she'd come up against a greater love. The real thing.

But knowing that Morgan was so lukewarm about their proposed marriage, she couldn't take him on those terms. How awful it would be to live with a man and know he didn't love you as you loved him. So the words remained unspoken.

She had slipped off his ring. It had always been too loose. Perhaps an omen that the bond wasn't a close one. It was an emerald, not diamonds, and he had said, when they were choosing it for that mockery of an engagement, "It will make you a nice dress ring afterwards." Now she took his hand and laid it in his palm. Her fingers had trembled with the intensity of her regret.

He said, "Susannah, I said the ring was to be yours when we ended this pretence. I'm not likely to give it to anyone else. It matches your green eyes so well, and emeralds are for the month of May, your birth month. I want you to keep it. Wear it when you wear green, and remember sometimes that a New Zealand shepherd rather clumsily tried to help a little girl he'd thought a lot of, years ago."

TO BE CONTINUED

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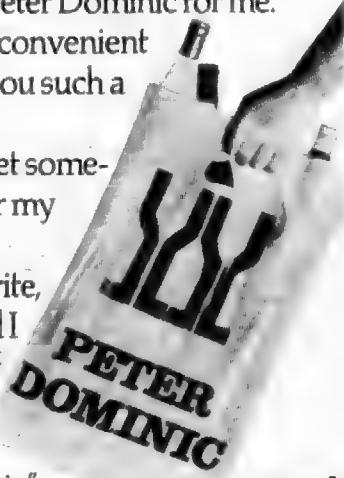
But I like to entertain a lot - dinner parties mostly.

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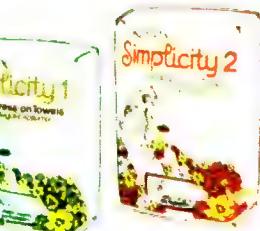
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MISS PRIMROSE'S PIECE

Continued from page 18

"Miss Primrose's Penny Packets!" interposed Griselda at this point.

Ben looked at her in surprise. "You've heard about them? Don't tell me Miss Shawe is a sentimentalist at heart?"

"Actually, it was your father," she confessed. "I was being rather inquisitive one day, asking how old the firm was, that kind of thing."

"No wonder he's so fond of you," Ben grinned. "There's nothing he likes more than an appreciative audience when he's talking about Harring's."

Griselda hoped Ben was still too concerned with the traffic to notice the tell-tale blush of pleasure staining her cheeks. At the same time, she was aware of a certain nuance of protest in Ben's voice. "Aren't you proud of belonging to such a successful family?" she asked.

"Oh, very proud!" he said and then was silent as he negotiated a busy roundabout. "But you can be proud of something without necessarily wanting to be part of it, you know."

Shocked into silence, Griselda could only stare at him.

He shot her a quick, sideways glance. "My Miss Primrose disapproves, I suspect."

"I—I just don't understand . . ."

"How I could *not* want to follow in Father's footsteps? Let alone Grandfather's and Great-grandfather's and Great-great-grandfather's?" he said.

She nodded miserably. "Something like that."

"But what if a person has an insatiable urge to do something—how shall I put it?—rather more creative? What then?"

Griselda considered that new angle on the situation. Ben, she knew, had attended art school and spent two years in Paris.

"You mean that working in Graphics isn't enough for you?" she said at last.

"That is the understatement of the year. Not only isn't it enough, it's like a slow form of torture." He noticed her instinctive gesture of protest and added, quickly, "Oh, it *can* be fun, I grant you. This particular assignment, for instance, is proving unexpectedly enjoyable. And my colleagues are a great bunch to work with. Obviously, they don't expect me to spend the rest of my working life in Graphics. They think I'm just finding my way through the various departments, ending up, when he retires, in my father's managerial chair."

"And that's what your father expects, too?" She was getting the picture only too clearly.

"Perhaps it would be fairer to say 'hopes' rather than 'expects'. We made this bargain, you see. A couple of years in Paris after art school and then I'd come home and find out about the firm that had indirectly subsidised me."

"But surely he understands how you feel?"

"Oh, he couldn't be more understanding. That, in a way, makes it worse. Being the only child, I have this terrible sense of obligation."

Griselda nodded sadly. But, strangely enough, it was his feeling of concern for his father that was making her own feelings for Ben Harring grow stronger with every word he spoke.

"What sort of pictures do you paint?" she asked shyly.

"Abstracts, mostly," he said. "As different from the formality of an English herb garden as you can imagine. Anyway, enough about me and my obsessions. Tell me about yourself, Griselda Tooley. What brought you into Harring's Herbs?"

"Just chance. It was either herbs or office equipment, the agency said. And after I'd met your father, the herbs won hands down."

"I'm glad of that," he said.

THEY WERE deep in the heart of Sussex by this time; one moment driving through a cool, green beech avenue, the next gazing up at the gentle swell of the Downs against the blue summer sky.

Ben negotiated a village green where chestnuts shaded a thatched pub and ducks waddled in line astern across the road. "Not much longer. Just around this bend and you can actually see Meadowcroft ahead of you."

But it was Griselda's nostrils that recognised it before her eyes. Pungent—aromatic—sweet—spicy—it was the most evocative, yet tantalising smell in the world. She tried to put it into words.

"Overpowering, Miss Shawe called it," Ben said.

'Miss Shawe would!' reflected Griselda.

And then they drove through a white barred gate into a field of lavender, murmurous with bees; then between broad strips of silver rosemary and sage, marjoram and fennel, and mint, luxuriant beside a willow-shaded stream. Bright among the sober greens were swathes of marigolds and poppies and giant sunflowers topping a grey stone wall.

"It's beautiful!" Griselda breathed, her eyes like stars.
Ben smiled at her indulgently. "Wait until you see Miss Primrose's Piece," he said.

He drove on through the fields until they reached a stile set deep in a hawthorn hedge. There he parked the car and led Griselda to the stile. A scene of great simplicity and charm met her gaze.

A cottage stood beside a stream; a cottage consisting of two thatched, triangular buttresses holding big, mullioned windows at ground level but rising steeply to points so narrow there was room only for the tiniest of windows beneath the eaves; Griselda could only wonder at the shape of the rooms inside. Between them, set back a little in the whitewashed façade, was the front door wreathed with roses and honeysuckle.

In front of the cottage, beside the crescent-bright stream, was the herb garden. Each variety was confined to its own little plot and bordered by a miniature hedge of clipped box.

Beyond was an orchard as wild as the garden was neat; tangles of clover and meadowsweet laced the long grass under the apple trees, and a golden broom spilled its petals beside a grey stone barn.

"The full effect can be seen only from above," Ben said, and he helped Griselda over the stile, took her hand to guide her across the garden.

As far as furniture was concerned, the cottage was bare but rich with the scent of the aromatic herbs that must have permeated the rooms since the garden was created.

"Mr. Perkins, the farm manager, prefers to live in a more modern house, so the cottage is empty at the moment. This way!" Her hand still in his, he led her through a heavy iron-studded door and up a narrow stairway that twisted into a room where the walls leaned inwards towards the apex of the triangle. They crossed the broad oak boards to the window.

"There! Miss Primrose's Piece!"

Griselda looked down on a pattern of herbs as symmetrical as any tapestry or carpet. Squares, diamonds, circles, even a pair of voluptuous hearts were separated by white, pebble paths that

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Summer smiles or April tears.
Life is gay and full of promise—
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Now she hates us, now she loves us,
Things look grim, or bright as pearl,
Yet in all her moods we love her,
She's our normal teenage girl!

V. Roberts

threaded the garden like a necklace.

"Among all her other activities, Miss Primrose managed to fit in several visits to the Continent. One of them was to the Loire château, where she was so completely captivated by French landscape gardening. There was nothing for it but to try and reproduce it here at Meadowcroft. On a much smaller scale, of course."

"And did she live in this cottage?" Griselda asked, fascinated.

"Yes, all her life. With—" he hesitated for a moment—"her elderly mother who was an invalid for many years."

"What a wonderful person she must have been." Griselda looked out of the open window, the better to appreciate the beauty of the mosaic spread out below. And then she suddenly turned excitedly to Ben.

"In her way, she was an artist, too. And she did her own thing, in spite of all the opposition. I wonder—" laughter bubbled in her throat—"did she actually go to France with James Herring? That would really have put the cat among the pigeons!"

Ben nodded, his eyes teasing. "She did."

"Well, I'm sure it was strictly a business trip," said Griselda loyally. "If it hadn't been for Miss Primrose, there would never have been a Herring's, as we know it today."

To her surprise, Ben let this claim to superior female initiative pass unchecked. Instead, he was gazing at her with a strange air of excitement. "Dear Griselda, I think you've hit the nail on the head. If I don't do my own thing, I won't be much good to Herring's, either. I wonder if my father would agree with that point of view."

He suddenly bent and kissed her lightly on the forehead. "Thank you, Griselda, more than I can say. And now, I suppose, we'd better go and find Mr. Perkins."

But not before they'd peered from the back of the cottage at

Continued overleaf



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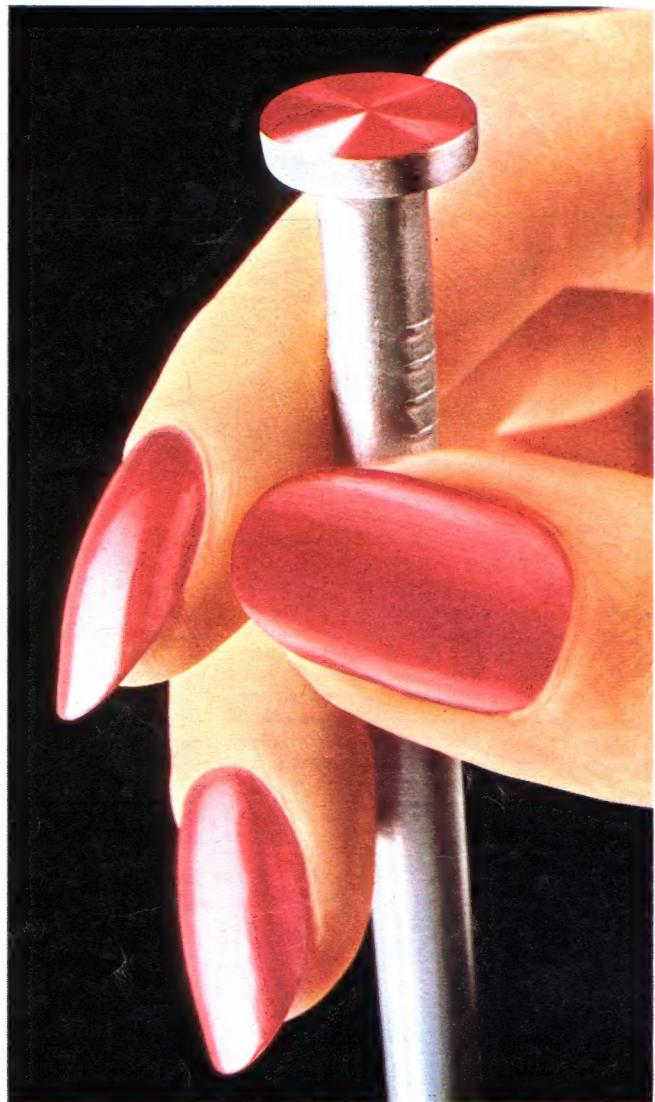
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MISS PRIMROSE'S PIECE

Continued

the orchard and the long barn beyond.

"A pity Miss Primrose never married," Griselda said. "That orchard would have been heaven for children."

"Yes, well," said Ben. "Shall we go?"

He doesn't care for children, Griselda thought with a sudden, ridiculous sense of loss.

THE REST of their time at Meadowcroft was spent in discussing the forthcoming exhibition with Mr. Perkins and deciding on the herbs to be used. Griselda, suitably costumed, was to hand little posies of fresh herbs to each arriving guest. Bowls of pot-pourri would stand around the room on tables and window ledges, and small gift boxes containing a selection of Harring's celebrated Miss Primrose cosmetics would be presented to each female guest.

"It should be quite fun," observed Ben as they drove home. "I'm having a mock-up made of the façade of the first Harring shop—bow-fronted, with bottle glass in the windows, and a brass knocker on the door. And you, looking beautiful, handing out your posies through the open casement. I think I'll get the advertising section to lay on Press and television coverage."

When they reached Griselda's home, Ben politely refused her somewhat hesitant invitation to come in and meet her parents. He had, he explained, rather pressing business to discuss with his own. But he held her hands in his while he assured her that he could never fully express his gratitude for making it such a vitally important day in his life. He would be ringing her soon.

Griselda half-hoped he would take her on the visit he made a few days later to the cosmetic factory, but it was Miss Shawe who accompanied him. And returned next day with a rapturous account of the V.I.P. treatment she had received. Ben couldn't have been more attentive, apparently.

The days passed and Griselda did not hear from him. Perhaps because of his work on the exhibition, he now seemed to keep different hours so that she no longer saw him in the lift each morning.

The exhibition had also taken precedence over anything else in the office, and she had few secretarial duties to perform; her shorthand notebook was unopened and her typewriter remained covered for days. The telephone was completely monopolised by Miss Shawe. Running errands for that lady, in fact, occupied the greater part of Griselda's day. Even so, she had far too much time to dwell on the brief happiness of her trip to Meadowcroft with Ben.

Harring's Herbs seemed, suddenly, to lose their savour. 'I'll wait until after the party,' Griselda thought, 'and if he hasn't contacted me by then, I shall hand in my notice.'

On the evening of the party, she dressed with great care. The high-necked blouse was matched with a long black skirt over which she wore a colourful patchwork apron, and her hair was pulled back into a smooth chignon.

"Charming, my dear," said Mr. Harring as she took her place inside the bow window, her basket of herb posies at her side.

His son said nothing, just gave her an almost curt nod of approval as he passed. Griselda bent her head to hide her sudden tears, then turned quickly to greet the first arrivals.

The party was a great success. Everyone said so: Miss Shawe, circulating smoothly among the guests; Ben, sweeping by with a couple of art school friends—female, Griselda thought, though it was difficult to be sure; Mr. Harring, proposing a toast to the loyal and faithful staff of Harring's. Everyone, in fact, except Griselda.

When the last of her posies had been handed out, she folded her apron and crept silently home. Yes, she assured her mother, it had been a fabulous party but she somehow wasn't in the mood. And she doubted if she would be staying much longer at Harring's.

In fact, she went in next morning quite prepared to hand in her notice, then and there. Instead, she was met by a jovial Mr. Harring with the news that she was to accompany him down to Meadowcroft; a crisis had arisen and he might need her to take notes. Almost as an afterthought, he added the information that his son would be there, too, tidying up a few things before he left the firm.

"He's leaving?" Griselda stared at Mr. Harring, unable to believe her ears. She had known that Ben might be leaving, but to hear of the decision through his father seemed the final straw.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Harring, but I'm afraid I don't want to go down to Meadowcroft with you."

Henry Harring wasn't accustomed to junior staff declining to follow his wishes. There could be only one explanation. "My dear

Miss Tooley, are you not well?" he asked with concern.
"I've never felt fitter in my life, thank you. It's just that your son isn't the only one who is leaving Harring's. I was just about to type out my own resignation. Excuse me, please."

And, before the treacherous tears could fall, she had turned and run out of the room.

PULLING OUT a sheet of typing paper from her desk drawer, Griselda dislodged a little sheaf of memoranda which scattered on the floor.

Bending to retrieve them, she saw that they all bore messages written in Miss Shawe's neat italic script. "Mr. Ben Harring would like you to ring when you are free." "Mr. Ben Harring asks if you are free for lunch today. Please ring him."

They were all the same: requests from Ben for Griselda to get in touch with him. She raised stricken eyes to Miss Shawe, studiously bent over a reference book at the other side of the room.

"Miss Shawe! What are all these messages doing in my drawer?" Anguish had made Griselda bold. "Why didn't you tell me about them?"

Miss Shawe looked up self-consciously. "What messages? Oh, those! You should know by now that I always leave them in your top left-hand drawer."

And, of course, Griselda did know. The system had been explained to her on her first day. But how typical of Miss Shawe! Sticking obstinately to the rules, although knowing full well the messages were not being received.

THERE WAS no time, however, to waste in recriminations. Griselda took a deep breath and went back to Mr. Harring.

"I don't want to hand in my resignation, after all, Mr. Harring. And I would like to come to Meadowcroft with you, if you'll still have me."

He beamed his relief. "A woman's privilege to change her mind, my dear! And I do happen to know that Ben would be extremely disappointed if you couldn't make it."

Apart from a few comments on the success of the previous night's party, Mr. Harring spoke little on the journey to Meadowcroft. This time, Griselda was driven straight to the farm buildings.

"I shan't want you for half an hour or so, my dear," said her employer. "Why not wander down to Primrose's Piece and see if Ben's there?"

She found him sitting on a bench beside the stream. He saw her coming and rose quickly to his feet. "I'm glad you came, Griselda. I wanted to say goodbye. I'm leaving, you know."

"Where are you going?"

"Paris. Back to my old teacher for a year."

"Your father understood, then? I'm so pleased."

He moved a step closer. "I didn't think you cared that much."

"I've only just got your messages," she said quickly. "Miss Shawe had put them in the drawer of my desk and I didn't see them. Miss Shawe has had a lot of things on her mind," she added quickly, prepared, suddenly, to forgive anybody anything.

"I should have realised that asking her to pass on messages to her junior staff was hardly a tactful thing to do," Ben said. "But she did divulge one day that you were having lunch with a certain Bobby Rowbotham. So I began to wonder if he was the reason you hadn't rung me."

"Bobby happens to be short for Roberta! Not that it matters now," said Griselda crisply.

Nothing mattered now, except that they were together at last, that Ben's arms were around her and that he was kissing her as if he would never stop.

"Your father will be wondering what's happened to me," she reminded him at last.

"He certainly won't! It was his idea I should come here in the first place. He's being marvellous about everything. I'm refusing to take a penny from him, of course, but he's going to have the old barn converted into a studio. Says it's an investment in the future and it should be ready when I come back."

"And will you live in Primrose's cottage?" Griselda asked.

"It depends—" his voice softened and his lips found hers again, but briefly this time—"on what you think about it, my love. But there was something I didn't tell you about Miss Primrose Protheroe. In the end, she gave in to James's constant pleas—and married him! When they went off to France together, they were actually on their honeymoon. Which leads me to wonder, my darling Griselda, if you've ever visited Paris?"

"Not yet!" she said, shamelessly putting up her face to be kissed again.

THE END

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